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Speaking of Heroes

Paintings by
Willy Pogany

See John Erskine's Story
On Next Page

The Village that Goes Insane

Once a Year

THE sacred gods of Kanchenjunga, raging this month in the lofty heights of Tibet, are scheduled once again in strange annual rites to transform a whole village of native Lepchas into gibbering idiots.

Stark madness, accompanied by fits and "spells," will overtake many of the inhabitants on the southern slope of the Himalayas in the Sikkim and Darjeeling districts for four full weeks. The dying race of Lepchas, man, woman and child, will devote themselves to a frightful terror worship of the mad god Mun.

And when the unbelievable festival is over, a certain number of these amazing cult worshippers will throw off their spell and return to apparent sanity. But a tragic minority will find that the temporary insanity they so fervently courted has taken permanent hold.

Strangely enough, such a horrible fate is much desired by the faithful. To become a permanent idiot is the height of religious perfection. When mad gods take up residence in their brains, immortality, so they believe, at last has been achieved. Those who do not become hopelessly insane one year hope for better luck the next.

The new crop of mad men, women and children is allowed every indulgence. Nothing they can do—murder, arson, self-destruction and even torture of their own infants—is considered a sin. These mad people are set apart for the remainder of the year to be worshipped by proxy until the "real" gods come raging down from the heights next season.

While the village is going berserk,



Some of the Worshipers of the Mad God Mun Become Raging Bulls. Others Crawl Along the Ground Like Snakes and the Most Violent Celebrants Try to Murder Their Neighbors.

some of the Lepchas, a Mongoloid people, think they are snakes and others imagine they are bulls.

New Tires—Right off the Tree



In the Jungles of Ecuador Every Full-Grown Rubber Tree is a Primitive and Inexpensive Tire Recapping Station.

THE South American republic of Ecuador is in a curious position—it has plenty of natural rubber but not nearly enough tires to go around. The few new tires that come into the country are put on buses and trucks. And the nation hasn't even one factory making tires.

So everybody who rolls at all travels on "recaps" which are, literally, fixed up at the source. In other words the motorist whose tires are about ready to collapse drives off the road into a grove of castillo rubber trees. He backs up to a good-sized one, takes a couple of cuts at the tree with a heavy-bladed machete and lets the

liquid latex ooze out on the ailing tire. Sometimes the elastic juice is drawn off in a pan or a bucket and then poured over the worn-out "shoe." The wheel is turned slowly until an even coating covers the tire.

The latex soon coagulates in the air and the customer drives off with a tire that will stand up for another thousand or 1500 miles. The job isn't pretty and the new tread is on the soft side because it isn't vulcanized.

The "snake" men and women go around biting and hissing like cobras. The "bull" people frequently wear horned head masks and have been known to fatally gore infants.

Other insane worshippers gather before idols moulded out of butter and representing the tiger, which is believed to be the steed ridden by Mamot, a terrifying, insane female goddess of thunder and rain.

Chattering like frightened fools and with fixed stares, others, led by high Mun priests, sacrifice goats, build idols to devils and to images of doughy cake stained with human blood and aconite poison, the stuff

that poisons arrows and spears.

Native priests, during the night marsh ceremonies, play strange musical instruments to attract a larger congregation of evil spirits. And one sane person in a Lepcha village is considered enough to spoil the rites.

The highly desired state of delusional derangement may account for the slow obliteration of the race.

Inasmuch as priests, by secret, forcible operations, render many of the "graduates" to idiosyncrasy of procreation, only a pitifully small number of Lepchas this year will be left to father the tribe.

Speaking of Heroes

MEET THE KNIGHTS WHO FOUGHT FOR THE GLAMOUR GIRLS OF OTHER DAYS

Interpreted by
JOHN ERSKINE
from "Amadis of Gaul,"
the World's No. 1 Love Story.

to show that he and his father were related.

Amadis spent his life redressing wrongs and supporting good causes. His services were in demand. Evil besets mankind, and in those days there were, in addition, enchantments.

Amadis came to the castle of Dardan the Proud, whose manners were bad, and in the ensuing duel he gave Dardan a sound thrashing and would have gone on his way, but Dardan's lady-love, watching the combat from the sidelines, lost her heart to the victor. When Dardan noticed her when he saw what he had done he killed himself. Lisuarte, the local king, buried them both, and after the funeral entertained Amadis overnight.

Lisuarte had a daughter, Oriana, and she, like Elisena, had a ring. Instead of dropping it, she handed it directly to Amadis. After dinner he and she met by moonlight and had a long talk. But Amadis, in his knight-errantry, had made enemies among the wicked, who used enchantments

to estrange true lovers. Though she loved him, she pretended she didn't and he performed his noble deeds at a distance, where she couldn't see them, until Lisuarte, wishing to provide the security which a daughter should have, betrothed her, against her will, to the King of Rome, who came with a great fleet to get her.

Amadis was exploring a forest when he heard the news, but without delay he too gathered a great fleet and pursued the King of Rome. He steered straight for the ship which carried Oriana, he fastened the hulls together with anchors and chains, leapt down into the midst of the enemy, though their spears bristled against him, and with his good sword he snapped their weapons and split their heads. When the King of Rome offered personal opposition, he divided the King of Rome into two parts. After that he and Oriana understood each other perfectly. Then having ordered his men to throw the dead enemy overboard and wash down the decks, he gathered his followers around him to determine what should be done next.

(Next week Mr. Erskine interprets another romantic incident from "Amadis of Gaul.")



The whole world knows the "Jeep," the tough scout car designed and perfected by Willys with the cooperation of the Army. It is built around the famous Willys "Go-Devil" Jeep Engine, which is the fighting heart of the "Jeep" and the source of its amazing power, speed, flexibility, dependability and fuel economy.

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, INC.



JEEPS

JEEP MOTOR CARS • JEEP SCOUT CARS

BUY MORE
U. S. WAR STAMPS
AND BONDS

You CAN Heat Your House with Sunlight

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor

A HANDFUL of lucky persons are beating the coal and oil shortage this winter by letting the sun work for them. With these human heating guinea pigs of 1944, engineers are proving post-war advances which will utilize the radiant warmth of sunlight to save on the coal pile.

Recently in a home near Chicago, scientists of the Illinois Institute of Technology, working with engineers of Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Company, have built a new type of home which sunlight helps to heat by radiation.

In the new home, long and low, all rooms face south and have large windows which act as traps for the warming sunlight, letting the rays in on clear cold days and keeping the internal heat of the house from getting out.

For times when it's cloudy, or at night, the new house has an orthodox hot water heating system.

In Chicago recently the temperature dropped to 5 degrees above zero. On that day the thermostat-controlled heating plant stopped working at 8:30 a. m., when the sun came up, and didn't go on again until 8:30 p. m.

During the day the warmth of sunlight kept temperatures comfortable.

The secrets of this solar type of radiant heating are:

1. Special windows of two panes of glass with an air space sealed in between—a kind of glass-air sandwich. These windows let heat in, but not out.
2. Special overhanging eaves so made that the sun's rays in winter (when the sun is low in the sky) can sneak into the house and warm all rooms.

In summer, when the sun is high in the sky, the eaves shade the windows, keep direct sunlight out and solve the problem of keeping cool.

Another angle is the saving in artificial illumination because of sunlight in the solar house. There is no use of electric lights—anywhere in the house—on a sunny day.

Some people may think that living in a solar house with great window areas would be something like life in a goldfish bowl. But the owners, the Hugh Duncans, say this is not so. They Can Use Shades.

If you are planning a new home after the war you can use this heating idea if you have plenty of southern frontage and build your home so that rooms face south.

But for folks in houses already built, there is another way to use the sun's rays to help save heat.

University of California scientists have devised a flat, blackened heat-absorbing array of pipes which can be installed on the sloping roof of

Hot Water Pipes in Floors, Ceilings and Walls—an Old Roman Idea—Spread Warmth Without Drafts.

an ordinary town or country house.

On clear sunny days in winter the heat-absorbing unit warms the water in these pipes to high thermal summer temperatures.

The water is sent to a storage tank in the attic and then circulated through radiators to warm the rooms. Engineers believe this installation would be efficient through the South and West.

Aix-les-Bains, in France, has a special sanitarium with giant convales-

cent wings which pivot on great arms so that the patients can always have their beds in the rays of the warm and health-providing sun. Another trick is globular homes which revolve on their axis with one-half blackened to absorb sunlight and the other half silvered or painted white to reflect the light and heat.

When the owners need extra heat they turn the dark heat-absorbing half of the house toward the sun. When they want a cool home they turn the white-faced side.

Professor Picard, in one of his stratosphere flights, used this same idea



A Bank of Sealed Double Windows on the South Side of the New Solar House Keeps Out Cold and Lets In Warm Sunlight.

on the sealed gondola of his balloon. He knew it was the only way he could get a suitable temperature control at record heights.

Solar heating is paralleled in the realm of artificial heating by radiant heating methods which go back to the times of the old Romans. This is the way to increased heating comfort, at small cost.

The Romans ran warm water through the marble walls and floors of palaces. Perhaps that's why they didn't worry about going barefoot so much.

And owners of new radiant heated homes, who bury hot water pipes under floors, in ceilings and in walls can do the same thing.

It is solar heat and reflected heat rays of sunlight off the surrounding snow which make it possible for thinly clad skiers to be comfortable even in frigid surroundings. But they do the strip-tease act only on sunny days.

Staying warm really is only a question of letting the human body utilize its own heating system, which keeps the normal body temperature at 98.6 degrees. That's why man wears clothing—to help cut down loss of body heat. And that's why we have to heat our homes in winter.

Normal practice is to heat all the air in the room until it gets to a comfortable temperature and that, in many ways, is wasting fuel.

You can be comfortable in an air temperature much lower if the sunrays stream directly down upon you.

That's what the modern way of solar heating does—with no worry about the coal and oil shortage.

In the same way if you use radiant heating from hidden pipes you can be more comfortable at a much lower air temperature than you would be by using the present, ordinary heating system.

When all surfaces in a room are heated to only the low 60's—heated by sunlight or by buried warm water pipes—the human body reaches an equilibrium condition where the generation of body heat is exactly balanced by the body's heat losses.

That's the time and temperature of maximum comfort.



Long Projecting Eaves Admit the Low Winter Sun But Keep Out Its More Vertical Rays in Summer.

It Is the Radiant Heat of the Sun That Permits Ski Enthusiasts to Wear Bathing Suits.

KEYSTONE VIEW Photo



Julius Muehlstein, New York Rubber Baron, Whose Domestic Life Had Been Stretched All Out of Shape.



Very Elastic Marriage of the Rubber Baron

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE



Irene Muehlstein, Former Model, Whose Wedding Was the First Round of a Ding-Dong Battle That Is Still Going On.

These alleged threats had a wonderfully accelerating effect, the last even spurring him into marriage, a step which he calls "very likely the most disastrous I ever made."

"That there may be no misapprehension about the matter," he told the court, "let it be said that I was not in love with the plaintiff (Irene) and that it (love) played no motivating part in my reasoning or conclusion whatever."

Nor is there testimony lacking from Irene as to the lovelessness of their wedding.

"Immediately after our marriage," she declares, "the Justice of the Peace handed me my certificate of marriage. The defendant (Julius) in the presence of the Justice and his female secretary promptly and harshly snatched the certificate out of my hand and slipped it in his coat pocket. I was mortified and humiliated but could say nothing."

Rising, when she learned that they were to live separately, her mortification reached its high point during a post-nuptial interview.

"Immediately after the ceremony," Irene later charged, "we went to my apartment, where he spent only about a half hour with me. He was very cool and said that our married life was to run on the following schedule:

"Monday nights he was going to take his mother out.

"Tuesday nights he would play bridge at the Metropolis Club.

"Wednesday nights he would spend with his family.

"Thursday nights he would spend with me.

"Friday nights he would again spend with his family and he would also go to bowl at his club.

"Saturdays and Sundays he would have dinner with me."

It was just a question of time, of course, until they were both spending most of their time with lawyers. First they sued each other for separation; then he switched to a New York divorce, naming 12 correspondents—by initials and first names only.

Before they could be further identified all these suits were superseded by Irene's Reno divorce.

Some students of matrimony believe that the Muehlsteins' is a crab among marriages, for in crab-like fashion it seems to run backwards.

If this view is correct, then it may be that after the divorce and the separation, Julius and Irene will back slowly into remarriage.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

MY WEEK

MONDAY NIGHT.....Take mama out
TUESDAY NIGHT.....Bridge at club
WEDNESDAY NIGHT.....Visit the family
THURSDAY NIGHT.....See Irene
FRIDAY NIGHT.....Bowling
SAT. and SUN.....Dinner with Irene
Schedule to continue in effect indefinitely

This Is the Schedule Which, Irene Says, Julius Told Her Their Marriage Was to Run On; Instead, It Stopped Running Entirely.

Nevada decrees should be honored by other states.

With that ruling hanging over it, has New York the right to return Irene to her husband's unwilling arms?

Some poor judge is going to have to decide the point and, if his nod goes to the wife, be prepared for plenty of critical brickbats from other Reno divorcees, whose toes he can hardly avoid treading on.

However, there's no use wasting sympathy on hypothetical judges as long as Mr. Muehlstein is around.

He's a man with a real headache.

This latest suit of his wife would seem to make him one of the most abused cavaliers of modern times, just as, if she wins it, he will rank as one of the most thoroughly separated-from husbands.

According to him, Irene started making legal passes at him well in advance of marriage. Three times, when his courtship was dragging a little, he says, she threatened him with breach of promise suits.

"DARLING, I can't stand the sight of you. Let's get married."

Julius Muehlstein, New York rubber baron, didn't exactly say that when he proposed to Irene Hoppel, a pretty model, but, judging from the description of their relationship contained in legal papers now on file in court, he came close to it.

Certainly, he and the fair Irene have set a brand-new style in both marriage and divorce.

In fact, it's doubtful that the scrap rubber, out of which Mr. Muehlstein has built up his fortune, is as elastic as his domestic career. For the major events of the latter have been stretched way out of shape.

Ordinary people, for instance, don't wed until they are deeply in love.

Irene and Julius waited, according to him, until they had fallen so far out of love that they were scarcely on speaking terms.

Once the knot had been tied, their chief concern was how to untie it. And here again they resorted to the horse-behind-the-cart technique.

Irene went out to Reno and got a divorce.

It looked like a perfectly good one, indeed, better than most, since her husband had submitted to the jurisdiction of the Nevada court.

So they were divorced; they were all washed up; or as the popular song puts it, they'd "gone about as far as they could go."

So what happened? So a few weeks ago Irene traipses into a New York court and asks to be legally separated from the husband from whom she is already divorced.

The fact that this procedure is the reverse of usual (separations precede,

but until now have seldom followed divorces) is not the only strange part of it.

It is also cockeyed in that Irene, the gal who got the decree, should be the one to question it.

Reno divorcees have often been railed at, but as a rule it's the party of the second part who rushes up to his home court judge, crying—as Irene, referring to her own action, has just cried—"Fraud!"

On the face of it, the whole thing seems fantastic and counter-clockwise, but of course it doesn't seem that way to her. She has her reasons.

She says that she never wanted to go to Reno. She was coerced, compelled and otherwise badgered into it, she declares, and all for the paltry sum of \$30,000, which represented a sort of quickie on Julius.

In other words, she charged that it had been a plot to get rid of her as cheaply as possible.

And now she wants herself declared the legitimate, the one and only Mrs. Muehlstein, not in order to have another chance to make a go of it, but in order to separate again, this time not so drastically and with half a million instead of just thirty thousand smackers on the barrel-head.

All of which is giving the New York courts a major headache, because it still further complicates the already complicated question of Reno divorces.

Some time ago the U. S. Supreme Court ruled, or at least seemed to rule, that under the Constitution



Slee-Eyed Beauty From the Gilberts, Known As the "Dangerous Isles."

By CAPTAIN GUSTAF JOHNSON

No. 5—Beachcombers in Eden

SOME of the South Sea Islands really are the little Paradieses some colorful writers have led us to believe.

Around the turn of the century I was engineer on a small steamer, the Aukland, plying between New Zealand and the Line Islands. She was an old tub and when we struck a real Line hurricane it wasn't long before she began to go to pieces.

I was knocked out by a slice bar and, when I came to, the hulk was aground on a reef and me the only one left aboard.

I climbed down to the coral and about a half mile away was a crescent of low islands with palms, bush and what looked like huts. But I'd seen sharks, so I wouldn't risk swimming it.

On the second day I saw natives. I waved to bring them out, but it was late afternoon before one outrigger slid out and stopped a hundred yards from me. And in it was a girl, dressed in nothing but a riddi. That's a thin fringe of coco palm leaf that hangs from the hips.

I threw a piece of red bunting towards her. She paddled to it, then scooted for the beach. But she stopped about fifty yards off, turned and came back.

Finally she came close enough for me to grab the outrigger. By Gum! She was scared.

She was a pretty thing, the color of a new penny, with fine black hair and the biggest, brightest dark eyes I ever looked into.

She paddled me ashore, and behind a grove of coconuts was her village, Aikiki. The island, or rather the group of them, about twelve miles long, all curved about the reef, was called Onotoa, part of the Southern Gilberts.

The Chief was her father, a nice old, fat, tattooed fellow.

"What name you stop along this side?" he wanted to know.

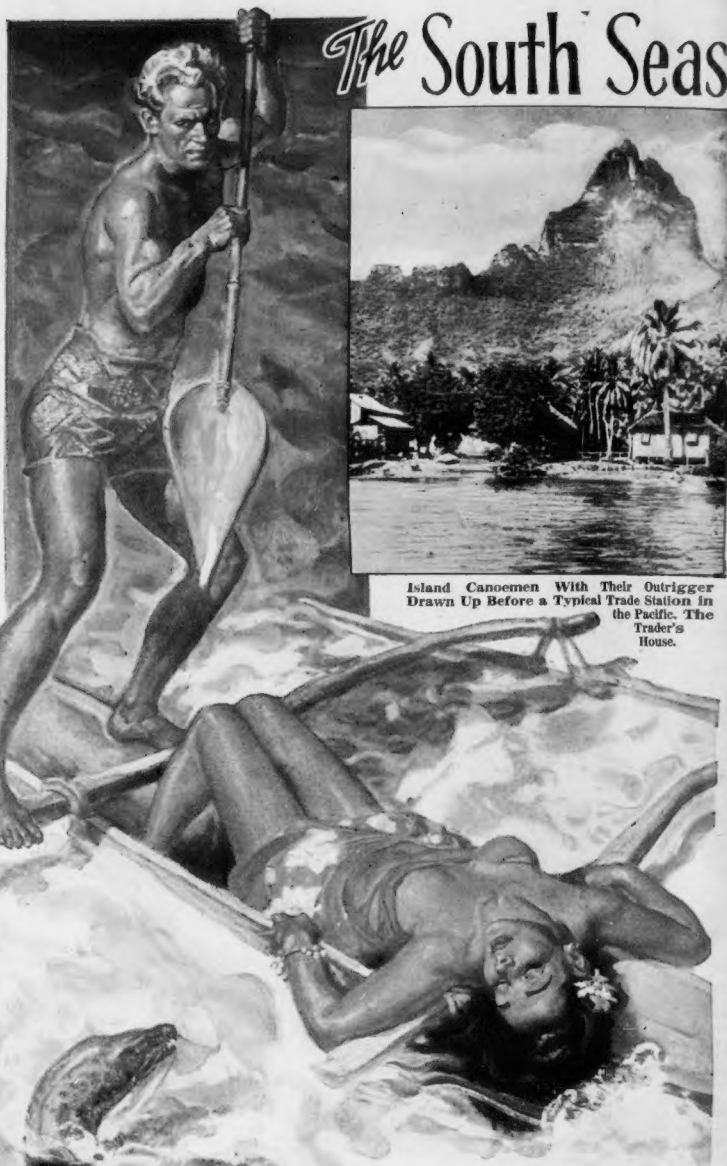
I told him of the wreck, that all hands were lost, and that his people were welcome to anything they could salvage.

They got their canoes into the water quick as lizards, singing, shouting and forgetting about me. But the girl didn't. She took my arm and led me into the Chief's house. She brought tiny raw fish which, to my surprise, tasted fine. A coconut milk stew of fish and taro came next, then moules, lemons.

The islanders worked for three days loading their canoes with copper nails, pots and pans, tableware, canvas, timbers, until a gale came up and the Aukland slid into deep water. Nothing was too good for me. Not even that pretty little brown girl who'd brought me ashore.

There were three villages on the island. To the east, the land was higher than on the lagoon side and the Trade Wind roared through the palms. And the surf smashed in continuous harmony on the white sand.

The villagers built a house for me with ship's



Island Canoe men With Their Outrigger Drawn Up Before a Typical Trade Station in the Pacific. The Trader's House.

Somehow I Hauled Malita Aboard the Frail Craft But Not Before the Ugly Beast Had Gotten In His Deadly Work.

timber and fine woven mats. And the little girl came every day to keep my house shipshape. Her name was Malita and somehow it suited her.

She cooked well too. Coconut and taro and sometimes she'd roast a pig her father gave us. And she'd sit, waiting until I'd smack my lips, then laugh with delight.

THE toddy cutters brought me fresh toddy every day. I'd hear them padding past my manila in the cool dawn. They'd climb the tall palms and sit up there hidden in the leaves, singing while their shells drank the blood of the palms.

When fresh, that toddy was cool and refreshing as lemonade. But after a few hours it got strong. And if you kept it a couple of days the odor would choke you and a shellfish would knock you flat.

I'd been on the island for maybe a week when there was a lot of singing and laughing outside my house. The Chief stood there with his Old Men; that's the island council which makes the laws and so on.

He gave me a gold lip shell and in it were five of the finest pearls I ever saw. Must have been big as marbles, each one pink as the palm of your hand and perfectly round.

"Hy makee you plesent," said the old man. "Lou fine number one master. We likee you much."

I took the pearls. Course, I didn't know what to do with them. I put them (they must have been worth thousands) in a corner of my house.

That'll give you an idea of how happy I was, and how good those islanders were. They'd had little or nothing to do with whites. The Chief had been off on a whaler, that's how he'd learned beche-de-mer. They were unspoiled by black-birds, sandal-wooders and other trash because Onotoa was too small, and didn't have enough to make it worth robbing.

Then to the little Eden came trouble!

One morning there was a robbery on the beach. A toddy cutter yelled there was a ship in the offing.

It was a small jolly boat with lug sail, and just as I got to the windward beach it made land.

7



MOTHER GIVES FIRST AID

TO FRAN'S
"POINT" BUDGET!



"MY, BUT I WAS THRILLED when mother came to visit. Bob (who's working hard in a war plant) says it's a break for him, too . . . Mother is a famous cook! I wasn't doing too well managing our ration points and I surely needed mother's help. We talked it over and she promised help right away."



"LESSON NO. 1 featured bacon. Mother says bacon is a marvelous point-stretcher, and believe me I agreed when I saw what she did with just half a pound! One thing she didn't have to tell me was to get *Swift's Premium*. No other can compare with it for wonderful mildness, rich delicious flavor."



"NOW, FRAN," Mother warned me, "cook the bacon slowly so the drippings won't burn. Then strain them and keep in the refrigerator. Get every bit of food and flavor value from kitchen fats before turning them in to make explosives. For breakfast, we'll have one slice each, and fried mush."



"THERE'S FLAVOR MAGIC in drippings from mild Swift's Premium Bacon! Mother uses them on vegetables (saves butter!), for pan frying, and bread dressings. And imagine—she makes perfect biscuits, pancakes, and waffles using them for shortening. More ration points saved!"



"AN ELEGANT MAIN DISH for three came out of that same half-pound! For each person, top 2 apple slices with 2 cooked salted sweet potato slices; bake 15 minutes at 400°; top with bacon slices and bake 25 minutes more. Swift's Premium's sweet smoke taste flavors the whole dish."



Swift's Premium Bacon

Bacon is a fine energy food. To get the brand that was voted America's favorite, the kind with the Sweet Smoke Taste, look for Swift's Premium on packages, the name Swift down the side of the slab.

For Most Child Stars It's a Few Big Years, Then Movie Oblivion

Sad Plight of Hollywood's Teen Age "HAS-BEENS"

Up They Go, to Fame and Fortune They're Too Young to Enjoy—and Then the Shelf, and Memories.



At 11, Virginia Weidler Rated \$100,000 a Year—Now at 16 She's on the "Waiting" List.

JOHN U. STURDEVANT
Moving Picture Editor

DOWN the days flicker the little stars of Hollywood. They glow brightly and then go out—for months, for years or forever. In the metamorphosis of adolescence they lose the glamour of childhood. That is what makes retired stars of movie's youngsters when most children are just planning careers.

Some come back. Many don't. The list of the disappointed is long, the heartbreak longer. The story of Jackie Coogan is old and oft-told. He spiraled to fame in "The Kid" with Charlie Chaplin and a fortune of \$4,000,000. Now, pushing 30, he is in the Army and in eclipse.

Are the dark days of obscurity ahead for Virginia Weidler now that she has turned 16? Star-studded Hollywood wonders.

Virginia had a heyday in films. Her name in lights was sure-fire box office. The producers knew it and gave her a contract for \$100,000 a year. That was more than two years ago. Now they can't find a picture for her. They say she's betwixt and between, that she's neither child nor adult. What to do with her?

Hollywood had the chilling answer: put her on the waiting list.

It wasn't that the \$100,000 was the principal concern of Virginia's studio. The producers decided suitable parts simply weren't available for Virginia and that script editors, already depleted by the call of the armed services, were spending too much valuable time trying to create appropriate roles for her.

The producers always break the news in a nice way—or almost always. In Virginia's case, they say that now that she is on the threshold of womanhood she must have proper grooming in woman's ways. She must be coached in the putting away of childish things so that, in time to come, she will be equipped to resume her career in mature castings.

That's what happened to Jackie Coogan. He was shelved by the time he was 16. He never came back. He



CHAPLIN



Jackie Coogan, Greatest Prodigy of Them All, Made \$4,000,000 as a Movie Star Before He Was 16.

tried but couldn't make it. He married Betty Grable, but that was no stepping stone. They were divorced and only recently he was divorced by his second wife, Flower Parry, a non-professional. Meanwhile, through family litigation, he realized little of the \$4,000,000 he once had.

Coogan was one of the great disappointments of Sol Lesser, the producer. He sponsored Coogan, developed him and watched him slide down the toboggan. Lesser has seen it happen to many of his proteges. He had the same experience with Baby Peggy in the days of the silent films. Then he found Bobby Breen, who

Carolyn Lee Started at 4, Climbed to \$37,500 Yearly at 6—and Nothing at All Since.



Sunny-Haired Charlotte Henry Played the Lead in "Alice in Wonderland." That's Been 10 Years Ago.



CURCIE

17, there was a national contest for selection of a child to play the title role in "Alice in Wonderland."

Charlotte won, being the choice among 57 who reached the finals. She had her moment as Alice. But the movie was a flop and Charlotte flopped with it so far as Hollywood casting offices were concerned.

One of the briefest careers was that of Carolyn Lee, a fetching number aged 4 in 1939 when she was lured from her parents' home in Wheeling, W. Va. She had a part in "Honeymoon in Bali" with Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray. The townfolk were mighty proud. Big things were expected of her. Even the producers thought something might be done with her and in 1941 guaranteed her \$37,500 for 12 months. Then she got a ticket home.

At 9, Jacqueline Nash had her moment. She was the sensation of Toronto, her home city, as a child coloratura soprano. Her parents took her to Hollywood, where a talent scout was impressed and hurried her to his studio. Jacqueline was signed for a part in "They Shall Have Music," with Jascha Heifetz.

For her debut, Jacqueline sang "Casta Diva" from "Norma." Heifetz said she was better than good. So what happened? So Jacqueline went back home because the studios hadn't anything else for her.

A few have maintained the fast pace required after a child gets into the teens. The most notable are Deanna Durbin (now 21); Jane Withers (17); Mickey Rooney (22) and Donald O'Connor (18).

Gloria Jean, now 15, is still in the running. She, the little girl from Scranton, Pa., made good with her voice, but she has had to mark time because she is under contract with the same studio as Deanna, who is considered better box office.

On the record it doesn't look too good for Virginia Weidler. More children have missed the high jump of the teens than have made it. On the other hand, as the saying goes, some have. With the breaks and proper timing and sheer ability she can get over the hurdle.

But who knows Hollywood?

made four or five films which won the praise of critics. But Bobby's voice changed and he was through.

Then there's Shirley Temple. She was wise. She bowed out in 1940 before she turned 12 after six years of being on top, a long time for a juvenile. In 1941 she was signed up at less than half her peak year of more than \$300,000 in 1938. Now, nearing 16, she is being tutored for a new career by David O. Selznick and Mary Pickford. If it doesn't work, she is planning a comeback when she turns the corner to adulthood.

Freddie Bartholomew, as the darling of "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist" and many other pictures that tugged at the heart, earned \$2,000 a week. Freddie put on long trousers and suddenly there was nothing for him to do on the studio lots. He's now going on 20 and nobody knows what the future holds for him.

Once upon a time there was a girl from Brooklyn named Charlotte Virginia Henry. Charlotte did bits on Broadway, and in 1933, when she was

Newest Problem of the Poles: The Sit-Down SPOOK

LONDON.
"THERE'S a little man with a turban in my room!" cried the second-string butler, staggering into the hall. "E's playing music on a reed!"

Everyone thought the second-string butler was tight.

But before the reception was over, a Yugoslav diplomat, two Greek charges d'affaires and a retired British colonel, who had happened in under the illusion that he was someplace else, had all caught glimpses of the little man.

Generally speaking, their impressions coincided with the butler's, though the colonel wasn't sure he hadn't seen two little men.

When the guests finally went home, the Polish Government - in - Exile, which had just taken over this mansion, 55 Prince's Gate, formerly the residence of Sir Frank and Lady Newnes, began an investigation of the mysterious occurrence.

They have now discovered that they have a ghost on their hands.

They wouldn't mind so much if it were one of those stately English ghosts that go clinking around in full armor, dragging chains, because such wraiths lend tone to a house.

The ghost they are actually saddled with is sort of declassé. It is all that remains of a pint-sized Hindu musician, who had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of his royal master, the Maharajah of Alwar.

Since the Maharajah is dead now, too, there is a faint possibility that it wasn't the punch which made the colonel see double but that, in sober fact, he did behold two little men in turbans.

However, if the second one—or Ghost B—was the Maharajah, it is clear by now that he was just stopping in for the evening to check up on his former retainer.

No. 55 Prince's Gate is regularly haunted by only one ghost: the Hindu musician.

Wearing his turban and a gloomy expression, he flits around, blowing occasional melancholy notes on his reed pipe.

His second and, to date, most sensational appearance under Polish management occurred at a dinner party. This time he sat down on a dowager's lap and proceeded to give her a private concert, not to mention a case of hysterics.

The Poles are divided on the question of what to do. Some, with a taste for Indian music, have grown rather fond of their uninvited guest; others think he ought to be exorcised—though they aren't sure how.

Still others, distressed by the problem of keeping servants in a house

On His Second Appearance the Musician's Spook Sat Down in a Dowager's Lap and Gave Her a Private Concert.



These Four Native Musicians Were Brought to London by the Exiled Maharajah; the One in the Center (With the Bazoooka) Remained There As a Ghost.

where people are likely to be piped out of bed at unexpected hours, are for turning the place back to its former occupant, Sir Frank Newnes, of whom they are inclined to be critical.

There is no doubt that Sir Frank was aware of the situation, for the Maharajah had been his tenant at the time of the ghost-making and it was to his parlor maid that the apparition had one morning first manifested itself.

The maid was so affected that, while waiting at table that evening (she was serving peas to her ladyship), her face was still ashen, her hands still trembling.

This evoked the candid observation from her mistress that she looked as though she had seen a ghost.

At the word, the girl dropped the peas, ran for her life and was never seen again in the neighborhood.

Sir Frank naturally looked into the matter and learned about the events which had resulted in her alarm.

They were strange enough. A game of musical chairs had driven the musician from this world into the next.

His lord and master, the Maharajah, had, it appeared, come to London under something of a cloud.

His pet hobby at home had been the concoction of love potions. He was fond of giving banquets, at which he would spike his guests' drinks with these stimulating beverages, and then sit back and observe their reactions with scientific amusement.

Unfortunately, he made a slight miscalculation in the formula one time, and within a fortnight a dozen young men and women passed on to a place where love needs no philtres.

A rebellion broke out among his



His Highness, the Late Maharajah of Alwar, Who Lost His Throne and Was Exiled by the British. When Women Subjects of His Fabulous Domain Revolted After One of His Love Potion Experiments Unfortunately Killed a Dozen of His Subjects.



subjects as a result of his experiment, and soon afterward the British intervened and exiled the Maharajah.

Accompanied by his royal suite, including a band of native musicians, the ex-ruler came to London.

There, settled in the Newnes mansion, he found things so stodgy that, to amuse himself, he was presently reduced to playing nursery games.

One day he hit on the idea of playing musical chairs, according to his rules, with only one chair.

The equestrians knew that it would not be polite for His Highness to be counted out, so one of them gave the musician the cue to stop playing at the moment when the Maharajah would be able to grab the lone seat.

Unfortunately, the musician's Hindu sense of time was not up to the intricacies of this occidental pastime. He missed his cue and his master sat smack on the floor.

Dusted off and properly seated, the potentate loosed the torments of his wrath on the unhappy musician, who fled to his room and committed suicide by slitting his wrists.

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind.

The Maharajah had meanwhile departed for Paris, where he was busy inventing new games. One of these was a novel kind of squash racquets in which, if you couldn't hit the ball, you took a swat at your partner.

With no little poetic justice—considering the musician's end—he met his death while engaged in this sport.

The general impression was that he had forgotten to duck.

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through difficulties"*



KANSAS ... The development of Kansas — of all America — was founded on the fundamental principle of individual enterprise. Americans believe that the welfare of their nation depends on giving every citizen the opportunity and incentive to progress.

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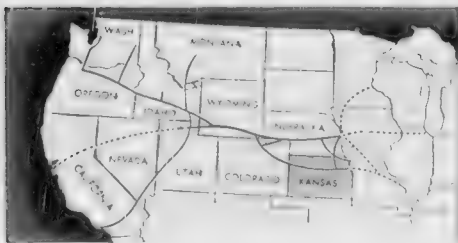
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THE Strategic MIDDLE ROUTE

Super Germs Cause of Epidemics?

By DR. LEONARD K. HIRSBERG

NOBODY knew about germs in the days of the Black Death.

At that time plagues and pestilence were blamed on an offended deity or on demon-possessed humans who, it was believed, put poison in food, mysteriously polluted drinking water and even contaminated the air.

But now bacteriologists suspect many of our deadly epidemics that flare up suddenly and sweep the land are caused by some new-born super-germ—a Frankenstein monster of the bacteria world.

According to this theory, the granddaddy of all germ monstrosities must have cropped up to wreak destruction on mankind back in the fourteenth century. It was then the Black Death nearly wiped out all European civilization.

Out of the nowhere, it seemed, the dread disease struck men, women and children with sudden lung hemorrhages, or huge tumors in the armpits and groins. In a few hours the victims died.

The only persons who escaped were those who even in their ignorance of medicine isolated themselves from the sick and the dying. One such group, it is alleged, hid themselves off to a deserted palace and there cooked up the spicy tales that now form one of the great contributions to literature—Boccaccio's Decameron.

Even these "isolationists" might have perished, but, abruptly as it came, the gangster germ wore itself out and meekly crept back, it is supposed, into the ground.

For that's where many bacteria and molds, both good and bad, spend their inactive days and years.

But *Bacillus Pests*, the monster microbe now known to have caused the Black Death, was only resting. Three whole centuries later, in England, its fierce progeny cropped up and made the "dead wagon" a familiar horror in London streets.

Closer home to the present generation is the influenza epidemic of World War I—still a mystery.

Man has suffered from colds since caveman days, but suddenly in 1918 a deadly new affliction, with some of the familiar old characteristics and a lot of new complications, snuffed out hundreds of thousands of lives.

Science still doesn't know if that super-flu virus was an offshoot of the cold-causing organism. Nor has the mysterious "flu bug" that cropped up this year been identified. But apparently it is quite different from the Type A and B viruses now known to cause mild influenza.

There's plenty of evidence in such diseases as infantile paralysis, meningitis, sleeping sickness and typhus that germs do go berserk, but science can only make shrewd guesses why.

If little microbes had a normal love life one might suspect that a shy, housebroken bacillus with only slightly sickening effects on man suddenly meets a "wolf" bacteria with gangster habits, and as a result strange germings with gargantuan

and evil killing powers are born.

More probable is the theory that animal and insect carriers of disease play an important part in Mother Nature's corporation for turning out devil microbes.

In years when vermin and rodents are plentiful, many nosy fleas snoop hopefully around in the fields, dislodging their favorite hibernating bacilli. These germs they carry off to the cozy backs of numerous rats.

The little bacilli multiply rapidly—and so do the rats and the fleas. Each new batch of germs is much more virulent than its parents. Passing from one rat host to another makes any bacteria "badder-if-not bigger" until the great-grandchildren are uncontrollable hellions, ready to wipe men out like flies.

When these rampaging germ anomalies start out on humans, the epidemic is on.

War, with its upheavals of land, often seems to increase the activity of both vermin and rodents, and that may be part of the explanation of the close association between world fighting and epidemics.

But a heavy blanket of snow early in the fall has just the opposite effect. The flea or louse has tremendous trouble making contact with his microbial pals; even burrowing rodents can't dig up germs if the ground is frozen and snow-covered.

So the hungry fleas stick close to the warm backs of their rat and mouse hosts and there is little likelihood of widespread disease as long as the snow stays on.

Even in the middle of an epidemic, snowfall frequently helps to control the scourge's spread.

But why do the plague-breeding monsters have natural fadeouts instead of continuing their maniacal development forever?

Probably it's another of nature's

When the Black Death Swept Europe, Corpses Were Collected in Wagons; Some, Like Boccaccio's Company, Tried to Escape the Dread *Bacillus Pests* (Below) by Flight.

Mild Germs Dislodged From the Soil in Wartime Are Picked Up by Fleas, Transferred to Rats, and Multiply Rapidly—Each Generation More Virulent Than the Last—Until, Science Suspects, a Hellion Super-Germ Descends on Man.

balancing secrets, for germs of fabulous proportions and potencies soon would depopulate the world and

even themselves be forced to commit microbial suicide when they had no more hosts to infect.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



Lots of protein!

Small point cost!



TRY THIS DELICIOUS MAIN DISH, SO EASILY MADE WITH VELVEETA

It's a real winter special—this Velveeta Pudding with Spanish Sauce. Kraft's cheese food, Velveeta, puts in licking-good Cheddar flavor... so rich, yet mild. And it *also* puts in complete, high-quality protein plus other valuable milk nutrients. A hearty main dish that saves you ration points!

In the top of a double boiler cook 1 pint of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup farina, 1 tablespoon butter or Parkay Margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. When well cooked and thick, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of Velveeta, sliced, and stir until melted. Remove from the heat and add 1 beaten egg. Pour into greased pan to depth of 1 inch. When cold, cut in squares; place in greased baking dish. Add Spanish or tomato sauce and heat in 350° oven.

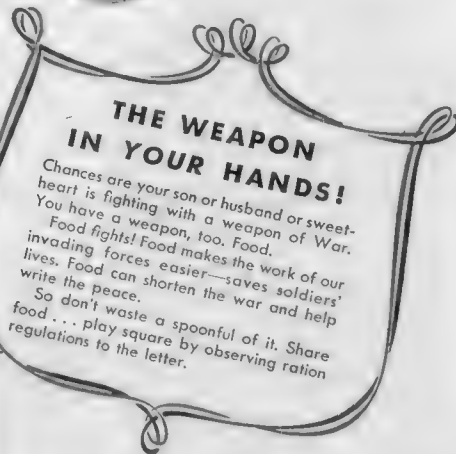
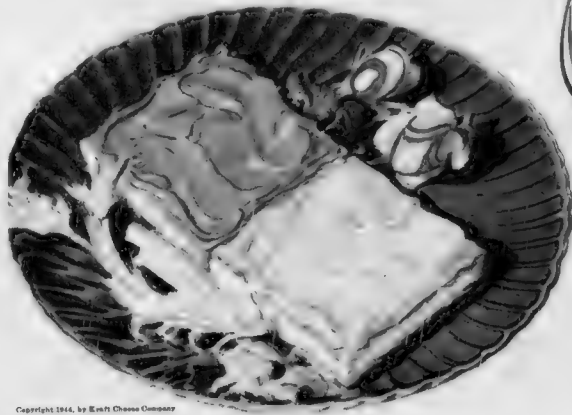


NOTE: If you sometimes can't get Velveeta due to rationing, Kraft's Milkmaid brand Cheddar cheese food, which Velveeta is made, are going to be in inventories and sales!

WHAT A SANDWICH...FOR FLAVOR ...FOR NUTRITION!

Here's a he-man combination for lunch at home or on the job. Spread one slice of bread with peanut butter (point-free!)... And the other with golden Velveeta, to *double* the goodness and add vitally important nutrients from milk. Velveeta's protein is *complete, high-quality* protein. It's

rich in the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. Provides energy, too. And this cheese food is a good source of vitamins A and G (the riboflavin of the vitamin B-Complex.) When you put Velveeta in the lunch box you're putting in a treat and a real *mainstay*!



THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY

KRAFT

MURDER by



Jo Ann Kiger, Somnambulist "Murderess" of Father and Brother—But Innocent.

By WILLIAM SEABROOK
Famous Explorer and Author

THE many mysterious cases of "sleepwalking murder," which have long baffled law courts and psychologists, reached their all-time climax in a family tragedy at Covington, Kentucky, recently.

Sixteen-year-old Jo Ann Kiger, pretty daughter of a prominent, prosperous family, dreamed that robbers had broken into the house and were battling with her father. In what seems to have been a super-sleepwalking, screaming nightmare, she arose from her bed, grabbed two loaded revolvers, and plunged into the dream battle.

Death blazed from both weapons in the dark of night, in ten crashing shots, followed by five more blasts from a third pistol she'd rushed downstairs and found to replenish her dream-arsenal.

When Jo Ann awakened from the awful dream, with the pistol still hot in her trembling hands, there were no robbers, alive or dead, nor had any stranger entered the locked house — but her

father and little 6-year-old brother Jerry lay dead while her mother, shot through the thigh, was sobbing in bewildered pain and horror.

The police, unwilling to believe the fantastic nightmare story, arrested the girl on a charge of first-degree murder. When the case came to trial, the defense offered evidence that Jo Ann had suffered previous violent nightmares, and was known to be a sleepwalker, a true somnambulist.

"But why so many pistols handy?" the prosecution naturally demanded.

"It was a precaution of my husband's," Mrs. Kiger, convalescent on crutches, explained. "He had been threatened by slot machine racketeers whom he'd helped drive out of Kentucky."

The sleepwalking evidence, plus the inability of the state to produce a shred of motive, resulted in the girl's acquittal.

The slain father, Carl C. Kiger, 49, city commissioner and former vice mayor of Covington, was a model husband and parent. His wife, Mrs. Jennie Kiger, was a cheerful, competent homemaker, her life wrapped up in the welfare of her husband and children. Two older sons, away in the army, were a pride to the family.

Jo Ann, their only daughter, apple of their eye, was a slender, smart, auburn-haired high school girl with hosts of boy and girl friends. Jo Ann doted on her kid brother Jerry, who in turn adored his "big sister."

In a word, they were an ideal family, harmonious, happy—until death stalked that night in hideous nightmare guise among them. In the appalling form of their own white-clad daughter, her mouth open screaming, her eyes wide open too, staring with the sunken, fixed, unseeing gaze of the chronic somnambulist.

Mrs. Kiger, awakened by the first shots, heard Jo Ann screaming, "Mother, there's a man in the house shooting everybody!" Then came the succession of horrors, as her daughter rushed from the room, with Mrs. Kiger's awful, final realization that it was Jo Ann who was doing the killing.

"I tried to arouse Carl," Mrs. Kiger testified. "I put my hand to his head, moaned 'oh, my God' and was

Still in the Grip of Her Nightmare, Jo Ann Struggled Upright, Seized the Revolvers and Began Blazing Away at the Menacing Shadow.

out of bed. As I stood, another shot was fired from the open door in the hallway. It struck my hip and I fell back on the bed. Other shots went over my head as I fell. I heard little Jerry calling, 'Mother, come and get me, I'm afraid!'

"There were more shots from the hall, from the direction of Jerry's bedroom, and then Jerry didn't call any more. He couldn't. He was dead."

"Jo Ann came back into my room . . . and then I knew . . . I saw the gun in her hand . . . I reached up and tried to grab it, put my arm around her, and said, 'Jo Ann, Jo Ann, honey, are you having another nightmare? Surely you wouldn't do this to your mother and daddy?' She finally awoke from her dream, screaming like a crazy person. She only realized later what had happened, and could hardly believe it then."

Juries are not always easy to convince that a sleepwalker can remain profoundly unconscious of what is really taking place in the midst of violence and explosions, but leading scientists and psychologists agree that such phenomena can and do occur.

That they take place in a realm in which criminal or moral responsibility in a legal sense can never be established, is the pronouncement of psychiatrists asked to comment on the Jo Ann Kiger case at the Harry Payne Whitney Psychiatric Pavilion of the New York Hospital and Cornell Medical Center. Their unanimous opinion was summed up by Dr. Mary Halton, M.D., practitioner in leading metropolitan clinics and author of celebrated books.

"So far medical science," she stated, "has never been able to place guilt on a somnambulist."

Dr. Halton added that cases have been known in which the subject remained profoundly unconscious of reality not merely through terrible pain and violence done to others, but through violent pain, inflicted upon himself. As an example, Dr. Halton cited the following case:

"Some years ago, Mrs. John Anthony C. . . wife of a noted civil engineer of Denver, Colo., heard moans from the bed where her husband was sleeping. He had stabbed himself four times as he lay asleep, and was still asleep, bleeding to death, when she entered. He awakened before he died to say he dreamed he was surrounded by enemies trying to ruin him, and that finally an evil spirit persuaded him to kill himself in the dream. The functions of the human brain, despite all the progress of medicine and science, are still shrouded in mystery."



Robert Ledru, French Detective, Traced a Murder Through a Toeless Footprint—and Found It His Own.



Morpheus

**A Gentle, Loving Daughter
When Awake, Pretty Jo Ann
Became a Blind-Raging Killer,
William Seabrook Explains,
When Her Mind—AND
CONSCIENCE—Slept**



Mrs. Frederick Stockwell,
Whose Husband Killed Her in
Much the Same Fashion as
"Dr. Caligaris" Murdering Slave,
Then Disremembered Her—While He Still Was
Sound Asleep.



Child psychologists were more baffled than court and jury in the case of 8-year-old Jackie Darden of Greenville, Texas, the youngest "sleepwalking murderer" on record.

"I woke up," said little Jackie, "with papa's shotgun in my hands, and there lay my mama all dead and bloody."

He added, sobbing as if his heart would break, "... I loved my mama."

Sylvester P. Darden, the father, was put on trial for the murder, but when tearful Jackie took the stand, the trial ended in speedy acquittal. What puzzled the psychologists who had been called in was that Jackie had no memory

whatever of any dream or nightmare. Similarly, some years ago, when Alfred Morrison of Mount Vernon, N. Y., shot and killed his wife, and went to trial with the plea he was sleepwalking, he testified that he hadn't awakened until many hours later.

This detail almost sent him to the electric chair, for the jury could not believe that the explosion of the gun in his hand would have failed to shock him back to reality. He was acquitted on medical evidence that somnambulists can sleep through virtually anything.

A retiring English gentleman, Frank J. Stockwell, mild as a mouse in waking life, not only murdered his wife atrociously but hacked her to pieces afterward, while walking in his sleep. He had always been normal, and there was no psychiatric history in his family. He was so shocked by the horror of what he had done that he went raving mad and was committed to an asylum for the insane.

Less tragic but equally weird is the curious case of Henry Leonard Chancey, a 24-year-old railway mail clerk, who puzzledly reported the loss in transit, at Macon, Ga., of \$30,000 in Federal Reserve cash. The police and Federal agents were not puzzled at all. They figured nobody could have caused the disappearance of the money but Chancey himself—and they were right. But how to prove it was a problem.

Chancey, intelligent, straightforward, with a record for perfect honesty, welcomed all their questions, sympathized with their suspicions, begged to help in any way he could, which made them feel a little foolish.

Finally, digging in the young man's past, they hit on a possible key to the mystery. Former buddies of Chancey's, when he'd been in the Marines, remembered a lot of queer sleepwalking stories and jokes about him. The agents tried questioning Chancey when he was sound asleep. Sleeping Chancey, to their triumphant amusement, responded freely—in his sleep.

And not only that! Sleeping Chancey arose with his eyes wide open, but still so obviously sound in slumber that not even the most cynical observer doubted it, and walked eight sleepwalking miles to a farm, where he led them to a shallow hole in which they found the \$30,000 intact.

The strangest and most dramatic case in the modern annals of "sleepwalking crime" is that of the brilliant French detective, Robert Ledru,

who died recently in Paris at the age of 85, his life and career ruined by the murder he committed while he was walking on the seashore in his sleep.

At the age of 35, already famous but so nervous and overworked that colleagues feared he would break under the strain, he went to the seaport of Le Havre, mentally and physically exhausted, lay down in his hotel bedroom and fell profoundly asleep. A full 12 hours later he awoke, keen-minded and refreshed. In hastily dressing he noticed that his socks were wet, and wondered about it, but brushed it from his busy mind.

Next day his chief in Paris wired that the body of a man, apparently a lone midnight bather, had been found naked with a bullet through his heart, on the beach at Sainte Adresse, and asked Ledru to go out and help the local authorities.

The Sainte Adresse police were delighted to have so famous a collaborator on the case.

"We haven't very much to go on," they said. "The murdered man, Andre Monet, was a small Parisian business man, down here on a modest vacation. He was neither rich nor poor, had few friends, no enemies, no love affairs. In fact, he was a harmless little bourgeois nobody, and why anybody would have killed him is one of the things we just can't figure out."

"His clothes were not rifled. It wasn't robbery. Apparently it was one of those murders without a motive, which are always a pest, and nearly always the hardest to solve. Yes, we've found and are guarding the murderer's footprints, but they can't help much because he was in his stocking feet ... no shoes to identify."

"Yes, we have the bullet, but it can't help much either. It was



Henry Chancey Stole \$30,000
—In His Sleep.

shot from a Lueger, an excellent model no longer manufactured, but of which there are plenty, unfortunately, still about."

Ledru's own pistol was a Lueger, and as he bent a half hour later over one of the footprints, examining it with a magnifying glass, he turned pale as death and arose.

A toe was missing from one stocking-foot.

Ledru himself lacked a toe, and in a flash the explanation of his own damp socks came on him. "I've seen enough," he said to the astounded police, "give me the bullet and I'll arrest the murderer within an hour."

Ledru hurried back to his hotel, fired a muffled shot from his own pistol into a pillow, and examined the grooves on the two bullets. Returning

in haste to Paris, he reported directly to his chief: "I have the murderer and the evidence, but I still don't know the motive."

"Where's your prisoner?" asked the chief, and Ledru answered:

"I am my own prisoner, and here is the evidence." He laid his gun with the two bullets and a pair of socks on the desk.

"This evidence is incontrovertible," added the great detective, with bowed head. "I can add nothing to it, but there is no need to add anything. I did it while walking in my sleep ... there before you is the proof of it ... but I remember nothing."

Ledru's chief, horrified, refused to believe it, feeling that the great detective must be going mad. Ledru laid photographs of the stockinged footprints on the floor, removed his right shoe from the foot where years ago a toe had been amputated, and pointed out that there could be no possibility ... or hope ... of error.

"I still know my trade," he said, "and I've tracked down the killer. I am my own prisoner, and yours."

This strangest of all cases of homicidal somnambulism had a dignified sequel, worthy of Ledru's great reputation, his devotion to the safety of the public, and indicative of the affectionate esteem in which he was held, even in his great misfortune. He was retired with full honors and a pension, went to live on a farm, and slept until his death, under guard, in a barred room.

Dr. Werner Wolff of the Bard College Extension of Columbia University, author of the profound work, *Experimental Depth Psychology*, does not believe that Jo Ann Elger and other somnambulists in this tragic category should sleep thereafter in barred rooms with guards, as Ledru did.

But he feels strongly, and other scientific authorities agree, that no matter how innocent the waking personality may be, or how strongly justified are juries in their acquittal verdicts, provision should be made for subsequent psychiatric examination, and treatment when required.



Scientists Suggest Beams of Invisible Light From Electric Eyes as a Guard for Confirmed Somnambulists, Whose Movements Would Break Circuits That Would Set Off an Alarm Bell.



“Duck Shooting” in Italy



Out of the invasion of Sicily and Italy have come many striking examples of the value and versatility of GMC Truck & Coach Division's 2½ ton Amphibian Truck. General Montgomery and his staff are reported to have ridden into Sicily in a “Duck.” Both the British Eighth Army and American Fifth Army used them by the hundreds to establish beachheads and supply their forces on the Italian mainland. A hundred Axis

soldiers are said to have surrendered without a struggle when one of these monsters emerged from the surf with machine gun blazing. As the illustration above shows, the “Duck” is now equipped to do some shooting on its own behalf. Armed with a swivel-mounted, 50-caliber machine gun, it can help fight attacks from any direction. Watch the news stories from the many fighting fronts and you'll notice that the “Duck” is out in front in most amphibious operations.

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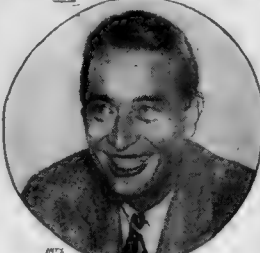
Home of Commercial GMC Trucks and GM Coaches . . . Volume Producer of GMC Army Trucks and Amphibian “Ducks”

Who Got Away With Sir Harry's Rainbow GOLD?

The Treasure Hunters Fathomed the Clues in Multimillionaire Oakes' Will—But Someone Beat Them To It



Alfred and Nancy Looked Up To See the Coin-Bedecked Natives Grinning Down at Them Complacently.



Alfred de Marigny—Acquitted of Murdering Sir Harry—Made a Bee-Line for the Baronet's Hidden Hoard.

THE saga of the de Marigny treasure hunt is ended. But the bitter memory lingers on.

It began on a tropical isle in the Caribbean, rich with pirates' lore. It ended there, too, with an empty chest—and not even a bottle of rum to drown the sorrows of disappointment. But it was good while it lasted, according to the way the story is being told in Miami and the Bahamas.

As the smart set hears it, Alfred de Marigny, lately acquitted of the murder of his rich father-in-law, Sir Harry Oakes, embarked on a search for the buried treasure with his loyal and loving bride, the former Nancy Oakes, soon after he left Nassau by request.

The objective was a hoard of gold—some say as much as \$3,500,000 worth—which Sir Harry was supposed to have cached before his sudden death by violence in his Nassau mansion. The place was the island of Eleuthera, in the Bahamas, where seventeenth century pirates played hide-and-seek.

Sir Harry, as his intimates were aware, was haunted by a notion that his fortune—sometimes reckoned at \$200,000,000—was about to be snatched away by taxes. His fear might have been justified. But whether it was, the story goes, he hid much of it on Eleuthera.

Cannily, Sir Harry buried the hoard in coin—if he buried it at all.

De Marigny got on the trail after the reading of Sir Harry's will. In obscure language, which only members of the family might understand, the millionaire indicated the hiding place of a king's ransom that might be salvaged from monumental British death taxes. De Marigny understood.

De Marigny mapped a journey to the end of the rainbow. He had a small sports plane on his Nassau farm, and he and his wife started on a voyage of high adventure and a dream of rich reward. There was a good omen in the island's name, for it was called after the festival of the ancient Greeks in honor of Zeus Eleutheros, the Deliverer.

By way of precaution, de Marigny gave out that he and Nancy were flying to Cuba. Instead, they landed, so the tale is told, on an airfield



Nancy Oakes de Marigny, Disappointed Treasure Seeker.

built by Arthur P. Levy to serve his plantation on Eleuthera.

The dream ended quickly. De Marigny and Nancy had scarcely unpacked their treasure-hunting picks and spades when they noticed the ornamental trappings of the gathering natives. The ornaments were gold—pure gold, gold coins fashioned in necklaces, in bracelets, in anklets, in tiaras and in belly-bands.

So this was the end of the rain-

bow? The prospectors hastened to their rendezvous. They found a hole in the ground and an empty chest above it. The natives' gala costumes told the rest, or so the story has it.

There was adequate reason to believe that superstition, prevailing where British taxes didn't, siphoned off Sir Harry's gold. For there is a legend on the island that when a rainbow arches across the heavens with the colors in reverse order—that is, with the red inside rather than outside—treasure lies at its end. The

treasure has been handed down among the natives from the time when pirates skulked ashore by night to bury their loot. The story goes that such a rainbow daubed the sky over the palm tree where de Marigny found the empty chest.

One version relates that de Marigny tried to bargain with the islanders to retrieve some of the coins. The brown people would have none of it. The yellow metal, they said, was a gift of the local god—an amulet to protect them. The de Marignys tossed away their picks and shovels and winged on to Cuba.

In another day, the luck of the de Marignys might have been different. Eleuthera favored the pirates of old who trudged ashore to tuck away the loot of their knives against that day when it might buy drunken orgies.

There is an authenticated tale about the happenings on a certain summer night in 1837. It concerns Captain Narramore and his command, the Sparrow, and how he was lying off Eleuthera with a cargo of dyewood for Boston.

By the light of the moon a rowboat pulled alongside and its lone occupant told Captain Narramore his name was Danson and he would be pleased to work his passage to Boston as mate. More, Danson said, he could round up a considerable number of paying passengers.

After a while the passengers arrived. There were 17 of them. They didn't talk and nobody was of a mind to open conversation as they stepped aboard, carrying heavy chests.

They said they were bound for Newfoundland. But as the Sparrow reached the waters off Long Island, two were put ashore with heavy bundles. Six others disembarked at Gardiners Island, just north of Long Island, with two of the chests. More left the ship at points along the way to Boston. None of them went so far as Newfoundland.

Rumors got around that the Sparrow's passengers were pirates. Danson was picked up and 500 pieces-of-eight were found in the chest he claimed as his own. A man named Nicholas Goffe surrendered and confessed he was a pirate, but could they prove it? They couldn't, and he was pardoned under the Act of Grace. Nobody was prosecuted although everybody was certain the men carried pirates' gold.

Neither could the de Marignys prosecute the natives of Eleuthera, even if there was such a happening of looted Oakes treasure, as a lot of people in Miami and the Bahamas are saying there was. The de Marignys couldn't prove it either.

Thousands of Mirrors in the World's Most Cheerful Tomb

OLD Trinidad Castillo, a rich shoe manufacturer of Cuernavaca, Mexico, may not know it but the \$20,000 mirrored mausoleum he has constructed to keep his wife's ghost happy has won him membership in the world's most exclusive society of tomb builders.

Excepting the pharaohs, who built the pyramids, this select fraternity for centuries has been limited to two members.

They are the famous queen, Artemisia, widow of Mausolus, King of Caria, who built one of the wonders of the ancient world at Halicarnassus as a final resting place for her beloved spouse—giving us the word mausoleum—and the Mogul Emperor, Shah Jehan, who created the famous Taj Mahal at Agra, India, for his favorite wife, Mumtaz Mahal.

Such fame was the last thing in the world the 72-year-old widower thought about when he ordered the "world's most cheerful tomb" constructed in the Cuernavaca cemetery as the last resting place of his wife, Senora Josepha S. de Castillo, so that she "would feel at home."

Castillo had plenty of reason for ordering tens of thousands of reflectors installed in the huge rectangular mausoleum erected to honor his late wife.



During her lifetime Senora de Castillo lived in a veritable "world of mirrors" in a house con-



In All the World There Isn't Another Mausoleum to Compare With the Glittering Structure Senora Castillo Built for His First Wife. It's a Full Time Job for the Man Who Keeps the Tomb's \$20,000 Dollars' Worth of Mirrors Bright.

installed in the Castillo home and the bathroom was decorated in a similarly dazzling fashion.

When his wife died, Castillo reasoned that to deprive her spirit of the same kind of surroundings to which she was accustomed in life would show a callous lack of devotion.

This unselfish sentiment has resulted in the most fantastic burial structure in the world, a tomb that glitters under the tropical rays of the sun with such a blinding light that it is possible for anyone to approach it in clear weather only when wearing colored glasses.

To make sure that the tomb will always be brilliant, the shoe manufacturer employs a full-time mirror polisher to keep the countless mosaics of glass spick-and-span.

This man, Juan Medina, no sooner finishes his work on the amazing structure than he has to start all over again. Other employees are always kept busy installing new mirrors. The latest addition is a mirrored chapel in the interior, to which Castillo retires for two hours each day to commune with the spirit of his departed wife.

Two years were required to build the novel mausoleum, twice as long as Castillo required to find another wife, a young 30-year-old woman who is able to powder her nose in any nook or corner of the house without having to dip into her pocketbook for a vanity case.

"The new Senora Castillo shows neither bewilderment nor jealousy over her husband's weird devotion to her predecessor.

structed, inside and out, of enough looking glasses to equip the vanity cases of all the pretty women in Mexico. Acres of mirrors, on ceilings, doors, in the world's strangest residence a show place for lucky visitors.

Everywhere the Senora looked she could see herself and, but she felt so inclined, could at one and the same time admire the soles of her feet, the back of her neck, the tip of her nose and the top of her head. Mirrored floors also were

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap... made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse... Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water... leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

Get Halo Shampoo today... in 10¢ or larger sizes.



REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!



"Hey, Sarge, What's This, My Pup Tent?"

For New Glamor -the only "COLOR-KEYED" Face Powder in the World

BANISH misfit make-up! Be your loveliest! Simply choose your correct colors from the Park & Tilford Shade Selector below. It's America's most sensational beauty discovery! Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to super fineness... stays on for hours... never cakes. \$1, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ purse sizes at drug, department, and variety stores. Buy it... for new glamor... today!

FIND YOUR COLOR GROUP

GROUP 1 (FAIR) GROUP 2 (MEDIUM) GROUP 3 (DARK)

NATURAL LIGHT BROWN LIGHT BROWN
LIGHT BROWN LIGHT BROWN LIGHT BROWN
LIGHT BROWN LIGHT BROWN LIGHT BROWN

In YOUR GROUP choose the darker shade for daytime, the lighter for evening.

PARK & TILFORD "COLOR-KEYED" Face Powder



"V" for Vegetables!

Made with CRISCO, these tempting dishes are as EASY on DIGESTIONS as on RATION POINTS!

With shortages and rationing, easy-to-get vegetables are in the limelight. Trust Crisco to give them "oomph", ... to turn them into tempting, digestible main dishes ... luscious desserts, too!

Just see what Crisco-frying does for those Potato Pancakes! They turn out golden-brown...crunchy-crisp...so digestible even youngsters may eat them. And that spicy

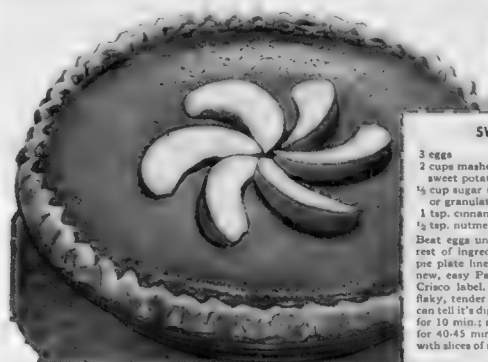
Sweet Potato Pie is a dessert right after a man's heart! The flaky Crisco crust is so mouth-melting you know it's digestible.

Yes, you can count on pure, all-vegetable Crisco to do more for your cooking than any other shortening. Get Crisco today and use it for baking, frying—to make all your cooking delicious—really digestible!



VICTORY VEGETABLE PLATE—Serves 4-6

Potato Pancakes—Peel and finely grate raw potatoes to make 2 cups. Quickly stir in 1 tbsp. grated onion, 2 eggs (unbeaten), 4 tbsps. flour, 1 tsp. salt. Drop mixture from tablespoon into skillet containing enough hot Crisco to cover bottom. (It's a joy to fry with digestible Crisco. There's no heavy smoke or smell—no "off-taste" to the foods.) Flatten each cake with back of spoon. Fry to a deep golden brown on both sides. (Makes 8.) Now sauté **Apple Rings** in same skillet. (You can fry with the same Crisco over and over. It doesn't carry flavors from one food to the next.) Arrange pancakes and apple rings on large platter with sliced **Green Beans** and **Creamed Carrots**. No need to use butter in cream sauce any more. Snowy and fresh, Crisco makes smooth-sauce-velvet sauces! All Measurements Level



SWEET POTATO PIE

3 eggs	1/4 tsp. cloves
2 cups mashed cooked sweet potatoes	1/4 tsp. ginger
1/2 cup sugar (brown or granulated)	1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon	1 1/4 cups milk
1/2 tsp. nutmeg	1 tbsp. Crisco, melted

Single-crust recipe
Crisco Pastry

Beat eggs until light and fluffy. Combine with rest of ingredients blended together. Pour into pie plate lined with Crisco Pastry. (Follow the new, easy Pastry Method printed right on the Crisco label. No more guesswork! You'll get flaky, tender pie crust every time. So good you can tell it's digestible!) Bake in hot oven (425° F.) for 10 min.; reduce to moderately hot (375° F.) for 40-45 min. or till cooked through. Decorate with slices of raw apple. All Measurements Level

Crisco
9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY:
"It's Digestible!"

"That Man—he tickles me!"



"Wouldn't you be tickled pink, too—if your husband took to kissing your hands once more—right in front of the children?"

"Even this morning at breakfast he had nice things to say about my pretty hands! Darn few women are getting sweet talk like that!"

"I'll confess...I wasn't either—until lately!"

"You see I really thought I had to use a strong washday soap to do my dishes in a hurry. 'Phooey! It got my hands looking like the dickens—all red 'n' rough.

"But I got wise! I found that the same pure, gentle Ivory Soap Doctor advises for babies' tender skin gives you scads of 'velvet suds.' Suds no soap on earth can beat for speed!

"And my hands got that white, soft 'Ivory look' in just exactly 12 days from the time I switched to Ivory for dishwashing!

"I'm penny-wise, too...because I can do all my dishes for only about a penny a day with gentle Ivory! Thriftiest beauty habit I ever got into!

"Don't take MY word for it—if you've been ruining your hands with strong soaps. See for yourself what a big difference Ivory can make when you really stick to it! Yes, you, too, can get that lovely

'Ivory look'...in just

12 Days!"

P.S. for U. S.: Soaps use vital war materials. Save soap to help win the war. USE EVERY SLIVER in a wire shaker. 99% pure...It floats.

"THERE'S nothing magical about hypnotism. It's only the use of suggestion by one person on another."

That's how Dr. James Vincent Grippo, of Beacon, N. Y., modestly explains what a lot of people in his town and elsewhere look upon as modern miracles.

The "miracle man," apparently, has put shy and backward school children at the head of the class. He seems to have removed the last vestige of stage fright and self-consciousness from singers, actors and musicians. Many a boxer gives Grippo credit for a string of victories in the ring. Duffers on the links have become crack golfers, thanks to his hypnotic powers exerted in their behalf.

These seemingly remarkable cases — most of them passed under strict medical supervision — have no element of black magic in them, says Dr. Grippo. He wants people to understand that he is no Svengali who makes others do his bidding because he stares at them, makes a few passes at them with his hands and brings them under his spell.

"Hypnotism," he explains, "cannot endow anyone with talents which they haven't got. It can—and does—improve and develop abilities by removing inhibitions. It can give an individual poise and confidence. Nowadays many of our best medical men, psychiatrists and psychologists recognize the growing importance of hypnosis as a means of helping people live up to their possibilities."

Dr. Grippo puts his patients through one or more stages of hypnosis, depending

Lack Self-Confidence? Maybe Hypnotism Would Help

Boxers
Who Were
Losing
Many of
Their
Fights
Piled Up a
String of
Victories
With the
Help of
Hypnotism.

Singers
Whose
Talents
Were Hampered
by Stage
Fright
Lost Their
Jitters
Under the
Spell of
Hypnosis.



Under the Hypnotic Influence of Dr. Grippo, Many a Shy and Backward Pupil Has Gone to the Head of the Class.

on their ability to accept his treatments and his diagnosis of their condition.

Briefly he starts by winning the patients' confidence and removing any fear they

may have of being hypnotized. Then he puts them in a somnambulist, or "sleepy" state and talks to them. Being highly open to sugges-

tion, they believe him when he says that they can learn to spell, or sing before an audience, or knock out an opponent in the ring, or stop

getting awkward and muscle-bound when they tee off on a round of golf.

"I'm making ONE pair of stockings equal two pair!"

STRAIN TESTS
SHOWED LUXED
STOCKINGS LAST
TWICE AS LONG

LUXED stockings last twice as long without going into runs, strain tests show, as stockings rubbed with cake soap or washed with a strong soap. Let Lux help you make one pair give the wear of two . . . it's like getting an extra pair every time you buy one.

Tests made on rayon, silk, nylon, cotton all showed similar results. Lux your stockings nightly—dry rayons thoroughly—24 to 48 hours.

DON'T WASTE SOAP!

Use all you need to get rich suds but no more than you need. Wash stockings after undies, in the same suds, to make Lux go even further.



The Case of The Too Perfect Penmen

By THEODORE ROSCOE

EARLY in 1880 Canadian banks were on the verge of panic from a deluge of bogus money described as "the most dangerous counterfeit ever put in circulation."

Only by accident had one of them, a U. S. \$5 bill, been detected by a Washington Treasury man. Its artistry was too perfect.

Soon a dozen marvellous counterfeits of Canadian currency also were detected until the Government estimated over a million dollars in bad money was in circulation throughout the Dominion.

John W. Murray, Canada's foremost detective, rushed to Washington, but neither Treasury nor Secret Service men could give him any clue as to the identity of the counterfeiter. Then he went to see expert engravers.

"That Canadian stuff looks like Pete McCarthy," said one. "But Pete's locked up. Maybe it's Prussian Mike Ulrich or Old John Hill."

Murray found that Prussian Mike was behind bars. He could not locate Hill, but was satisfied he couldn't have done the Canadian bills, although the American five resembled his delicate handiwork.

Then he heard another whisper.

"How about 'King Ed' Johnson? He's the world's best engraver."

From the Secret Service Murray learned that an "Ed Johnson" had been acquitted of a counterfeit charge during the Civil War.

Aided by Government authorities, he was able to trace Johnson to Detroit, then Chicago. Later, the trail led to Indianapolis.

Many leading citizens recalled that the Johnson family had arrived there shortly after the Civil War and occupied a fine mansion.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Johnson, two beautiful daughters and five handsome sons. Mr. Johnson, of English extraction, was a man of distinguished bearing, tall, courteous, gentle. Mrs. Johnson's manner was equally patrician. Daughters Annie and Jessie were both lovely and lady-like. Johnnie, Tom, Charlie, Elijah and David Henry seemed to be good, average American boys.

Edwin Johnson maintained an office downtown, contributed generously to civic welfare agencies. His wife gave no teas or dinner parties.

The girls, declining innumerable invitations, spent their evenings at home apparently studying and inscribing beautiful scrolls.

The boys had private tutors. Johnnie and Tom, the eldest, liked to drive a fast rig or stroll about town, fashionably attired and swinging canes, but they seldom entertained or sought out the local girls.

Guests at the mansion consisted only of an occasional caller known to the neighborhood.

Then, as suddenly as they had appeared, the family vanished.

The detective, undeterred, cast about until he ran across a business man who recalled hearing from a friend who had encountered Edwin Johnson in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Murray entrained for Cincinnati.

From the American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

Once a Year, "King Ed" and His Amazing Family Struck Off Enough of That Too Perfect Currency to Keep Them in Their Peculiar Style of Luxury.

Inquiry revealed the family had occupied a fine mansion on Sixth Street in the quiet luxury and seclusion which had distinguished their Indianapolis residence. There about a year, they had suddenly moved away, leaving no new address.

Tips picked up from a neighbor here, a tradesman there, led him to Covington, Ky., Hartford, Conn., Fall River, Mass., where the trail ended.

Discouraged, Murray returned to Canada where he got one of the most amazing breaks in police history.

Leaving the depot in Toronto, he plumped a young man hurrying down the street.

There could be no mistake. It was Johnson!

Murray was after the youth like a flash, but lost him in a crowd.

Murray scouted the neighborhood and learned that a family of nine had recently moved into an imposing brick house. He watched the house.

THEN on the morning of June 11, 1880, he saw Mr. Johnson, meticulously attired, hurry out. Murray trailed him to the station and from there on the same train to Markham, where Mr. Johnson spent the forenoon in bars, spending freely.

Shortly after noon, he did some incidental shopping and returned on the train to Toronto. Murray stepped off behind him and said:

"Now do you do, Mr. Johnson? I am John W. Murray."

"Yes?" Edwin Johnson looked puzzled.

"I've been anxious to meet you," Murray said, "and your family. I

just want the plates."

Distress clouded the other's gentle blue eyes.

"Plates?"

"The finest ever engraved," Murray took Johnson's arm. "You're arrested for counterfeiting."

Johnson protested innocence, but Murray had entered every bar and shop visited by the man and in each had picked up a crooked bill, and a search of him netted several hundred dollars more.

The next day Johnson conducted Murray and Detective John Hodgins to some woods on the outskirts of Toronto and directed the officers to dig at the base of an ancient elm.

As they spaded up the earth, he wrung his hands, begging them not to injure the plates.

The plates, wrapped in oilcloth and waterproofed in beeswax, numbered all the counterfeit Canadian notes and the American five.

He remained unconsoled until Murray told him he had not been betrayed by the morning spree, but by the too-perfect American bill. Johnson's face lighted in triumph.

"That's the one bill I didn't engrave! Hill did it."

Murray wired the U. S. Secret Service, and John Hill, living near Albany, was arrested.

Edwin Johnson, facing the fall Assizes in Toronto, freely confessed he had etched the Canadian money. His wife, he said, carried out the

"business end," selling the currency to "showers."

His two daughters he had trained in forging Treasury signatures. The boys had learned the "engraving art."

Once a year the bills were printed, then the plates hidden for future use, the presses broken up in the cellar.

Hill was Johnson's only partner, and he expressed bitter regret at having trusted him with the American \$5 bill.

WITH Johnson safely behind bars, Tom was arrested in Erie, Pa., with phony bills in a hollow cane.

Johnnie and Charlie were soon in the toils, caught with similar canes. Dave and Elijah were arrested later.

Menfolk in jail, Mrs. Johnson and her daughters, who had fled Canada, settled in Detroit. Soon counterfeit American bills began to appear. On August 12, 1893, U. S. Government agents walked in on the Johnson ladies at a McGraw Avenue mansion. Search of the house disclosed a wall-panel secreting \$10,000 in bogus \$2 bills.

Taken to Washington, mother and daughters were sent to a big house from which they could not move.

Thus ended perhaps the most astonishing criminal family on record. King Ed died in prison.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



Bean-Pole Babes Get the Bathroom Bends. (Drawing by the Author.)



Getting Into Bed for Christine Forsythe, 6 Feet 3 Inches, Is Something of a Cross-Word Puzzle.

By JEANE HOFMANN
Noted Girl Sports Writer

IF Shakespeare were to write a play on an American love scene around 1965, he'd have to leave the balcony out of the script. Unless he wanted his eloquent Romeo to use it as a chin rest.

For Americans, it seems, are growing appreciably taller.

The authority is Francis Behn Riggs of Cambridge, Mass., recent author of "Tall Men Have Their Troubles, Too." Mr. Riggs, who has been in the world a long time—at 6 feet 7 inches, to be exact—has made the prediction after a three-year study that if Americans continue to eat their oatmeal and use their meat coupons, doorways will have to be fashioned after the Arc de Triomphe.

Mr. Riggs estimates that we'll be the healthiest nation after the war, and that now there are around 10,000 men over 6 feet 5 inches in this country.

Mr. Riggs says nothing about tall girls, or their problems. But, tall women, be it known, have their problems, too!

Literary gentls who write whimsically of "fair, and divinely tall" heroines never take into consideration such necessities as beds, bathtubs, awnings, telephone booths, street cars and stools in diners. Not to mention the six-foot Sussies who look down on the boy friends.

Mr. Riggs points out that because of heavy equipment, Johnny Doughboy probably will come marching home shorter than when he went to war. Well, gals—it's nice to be over the crowd in a parade.

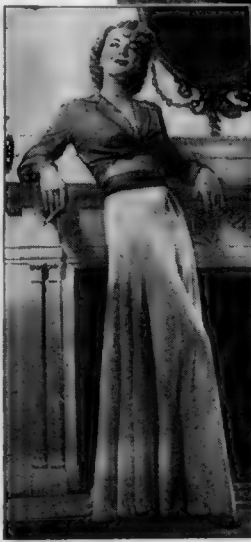
Anyway, with most of the big fellows in service, the tall girl either has to greet her date in flat-bottom shoes or remain sitting. On the subject of beds, there's very little the tall girl can do except stick her feet out.

Consider Christine Forsythe, "the world's tallest tap dancer," who couldn't double up with another girl on tour because she had to have a double bed and lie diagonally in it. And heaven help the Stratospheric Sue who gets an upper berth!

Then there are the bathtubs. It is safe to wager that Cecil B. deMille would never feature Soapie Sue in a scene where she must curl up like a napkin ring to fit low-tide in the bathtub.

While at least one New York hotel has taken cognizance of this situation by providing seven-foot beds and five-foot tubs, the public is still in the dark as regards Flowering American Womanhood (Sunset variety).

Cafe owners who plant tables two feet from the ground should consider a suggestion that table tops be ele-



When a Girl Can Lean Her Elbows on a Mantel, Like Choo Choo Johnson—That's Lots of Blonde, Brother.

Tall Girls Have Their Troubles Too!

Stratospheric Helen O'Hara Merely Steps Where Others Have to Climb.

vated six inches so lanky ladies may cross their knees without lifting the table top.

And street cars and buses might ease the situation for high-hatted females by carving portholes in the ceiling.

There are a few advantages, of course, to being tall. Choo Choo Johnson, for instance, very much in the photo pages and cafe news columns, can warm some of herself before the fire while resting her elbows on the mantel. But what about it when she wants to elbow a bar?

Invariably it's the petite and tiny charmers who walk off with the tall men, and though six-foot gals make

good show-girls and flyswatters, until recently the movies would have nothing of them.

In a recent picture, however, MGM featured a "glamazon" sextette which rivaled the N. Y. skyline. Topped by 6-foot, 2-inch Dorothy Ford of California, the line-up included two California blondes who tipped an even 6 feet ¼ inch, Bunny Waters and also Ann Mace, Sylvia Liggett, an Iowa model, and Susan Paley, another Californian, both stand 6 feet ¼ inch. The baby of the landscape is 6 feet, Helen O'Hara, daughter of 6-foot, 3-inch Henry Clive, who paints

American Weekly covers. With heels, hats, or an upsway hairdo, the girls all tower 6 feet 5 inches.

While anthropologists consider any female over 6 feet 1 inch a giantess, there appears no need for Mr. Riggs to introduce his 10,000 giants to the divinely tall footloose. The girls all contend they prefer shorter men.

Lois de Fee, the 6-foot, 3-inch lady bouncer who once married a 4 foot circus midget, has said the "I do's"

eight times. Lois has been a dancer and Amazon queen at the World's Fair when she wasn't getting married to (starting at 13) a prizefighter, jockey, playboy, actor, midget, playboy II (sans money) and others.

Lois' flistic record is almost as long. In 1940 she was billed by a radio announcer in a political argument. In various nightclub arguments she soaked Murray Burt and George Owens, and came out on the short end when Lew Brice, brother of Fanny, broke her nose in a nightclub fracas.

However, Lois, who prefers jockeys, usually gets in the last word. And sometimes even jockeys feel her displeasure. On one occasion she got bored with her escort, a jockey named Louis Machado, and heaved him into the river at San Antonio.

Elinor Troy, a showgirl whose head and heels are this—far apart, has likewise had a stormy romantic life. Six-foot Elinor was twice divorced before 22, and scored a kayo over prizefighter Jack Doyle when she found him dating another girl.

The nightclub sock was only a preliminary to the Manville Main event, when Tommy Manville hired a plane, loaded it with champagne, orchids and Elinor, and flew her across the country to marry him.

Their idyll lasted only a few hours. Elinor discovered another girl in Tommy's 23-room mansion, a little one. Elinor consoled herself with Harry Richmond, George Raft, Lyle Talbot, Frank Fay, Ernie Westmore and George Jessel.

Bunny Waters, the 6-foot blonde who recently married bandleader Johnny Green, has had many suitors. Bunny collected a \$3,000 bracelet from a Venezuelan multimillionaire Col. Perez Luna, and used to make Al Jolson cry "Mammy." At various times she was linked with radio tenor Frank Parker, Everett Marshall, Lief Erikson, Pietro de Donato, A. G. A. water, all considerably shorter than herself.

Doris Duke, a 5-foot, 9-inch study, has had no end of suitors, most of them under 6 feet.

All of which should indicate that even if she can't whisper sweet nothings in her boy friends' ears without bending double, the long ladies are never short on romance!

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 25

A quarter's your quota for breakfast



1 Neighbor, it's like this—when you get out of bed in the morning, your energy is very low. No wonder it's been 12 hours since you awoke. Your stomach's crying to be fed!



2 But that's just when most people don't eat enough, doctors and dietitians tell us. They say you need at least one-quarter of your daily nourishment at breakfast.



3 Uncle Sam says you need whole-grain nourishment every day. And so, do you get it from Grape-Nuts Flakes!—that "boy-oh-boy-it's-wonderful" cereal! It's a "Basic 7" food, bursting with B1 for energy!



4 Tomorrow, treat yourself to a big bowlful of malty-rich, sweet-sweet Grape-Nuts Flakes. Pour on the milk, pile on your favorite fruit. *Man*, what a svelegant way to help get that top o' the morning quarter of your quota!



A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

► Government authorities say that most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.

► Doctors and dietitians agree that we should all get at least one-quarter of our daily nourishment in the morning at breakfast.

► In a survey of nutritionists, 424 out of 443 said an adequate breakfast should include both fruit and a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.

► All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES • GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

Eat a good breakfast

- do a better job!





Afraid of Girls So He Fell for a Phantom

It Was Not
Until He Got
in the Army
That the Gullible Britisher
Found Out He Had Spent a
Year's Time and \$1,500
Courtin' a Girl Who Didn't
Exist.

courtroom.
The queer
story, as the
testimony

IT DOESN'T seem possible that a man could court a girl for 15 months, lavishly shower her with \$1,500 in gifts, and propose marriage—without so much as ever having met her. But, odd as it may seem, just such a case came to light the other day in a British

brought out, had its beginning about five years ago when Stephen Bennett met James Lloyd in a boarding house in suburban London. They became good friends and Bennett confided to his cronies that, although he was 22 years old, he had never gone around with girls. He

shly confessed that he was afraid of all women and wondered what he could do about it.

Lloyd, who was 28, volunteered to play Cupid. He knew a pretty and romantic girl named Violet who was in the same unhappy state as Stephen. She, as her name implied, was on the shy side, too.

One day Lloyd handed Bennett a letter. It was

from Violet. Coyly and sweetly written, it expressed the hope that he wouldn't think her too forward in writing, but that she had heard all about him from Lloyd and would like to become his girl friend.

She explained that she was under the thumb of her parents, so she couldn't meet him yet, but that in the meantime they could exchange letters—through Lloyd.

The bashful Bennett was delighted. He immediately entered into an ardent correspondence. Violet sent him her picture, and Bennett began buying her gifts. On one occasion he mailed her \$55 for an engagement ring, and another time he posted \$400 to help her pay off the mortgage on her father's home. For 15 months—without ever meeting—the shy youth and Violet kept up their romantic letter writing, getting more enthusiastic all the time.

From time to time, Bennett tried to prod Lloyd into bringing the girl around, but his friend always put him off, first with one excuse, then another. When Bennett went into the British Army the cor-

respondence, via Lloyd, continued. Then it suddenly stopped. The distracted soldier went to his commanding officer and asked for help in finding Violet. The police were consulted and said they would find Violet.

Detectives sought James Lloyd. Unable to locate him in the boarding house, they tracked him down, and found that he was in prison where he was serving a short sentence for stealing handbags from the patrons of a dance hall.

Under questioning, Lloyd confessed the hoax. He said there was no such person as Violet, and that he, himself, had been penning the love letters, and that his trip to jail had forced him to stop.

Brought into court on charges of obtaining money under false pretenses, Lloyd told the judge that "it was my intention to reveal the whole joke to Bennett eventually, to hand him back his money and tell him what a fool he had been."

The magistrate, although expressing incredulity at Bennett's gullibility, didn't share Lloyd's sense of humor. He sent the letter writer back to prison for an additional 12 months to think things over.

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile!

Give your smile appealing charm
with the help of Ipana and massage!

SET YOUR HOPES HIGH, plain girl! The most popular girls aren't always the prettiest. Look around you—at the girls who hold men's eyes and steal their hearts *with a smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a shy and self-effacing smile—but a radiant smile that reaches out and draws the whole world to you in admiration. Remember, though, for such a smile you need sparkling teeth—sound teeth that depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of natural exercise by modern, soft foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Help yourself to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.



**DENTISTS PREFER
IPANA 2 TO 1
over any
other dentifrice***

*Based upon the results of a
nationwide survey among
thousands of dentists.

(Ipana—Product of Bristol-Myers)

START TODAY WITH

Ipana and Massage

Cats by the Hundred Caught in the Draft

TO HELP protect the nation's food supplies from insidious rats, the British government recently decided to mobilize all the cats in England.

Pet shops have been turned into induction stations where rounded up tabbies are given

fitness tests and classified. Those that don't qualify as mousers, or show any aptitude toward learning the art of rat chasing, are put in 4-F. Accepted felines are given special courses in rodent-snaring, and when their basic training is finished they are

assigned to the hundreds of food depots that dot the country.

The drafted cats, whose job it is to stand guard in the warehouses and keep unwanted nibblers off the premises, are on the payroll of the Ministry of Supply. They get threepence (6c) a day which goes toward their board and lodging.

The government's decision to call up the cats was made after surveys showed that vermin were gobbling up the nation's food stocks at the staggering rate of \$312,000,000 worth a year. The mobilization order was part of a general rat-eradication program.

Although this is the first feline army ever to be given the job of protecting England's food, the cat draft doesn't mark the first time that tabbies have been on the payroll of His Majesty's Government. "Office cats" have been officially recognized as servants of the State for quite a few decades. Likewise the Post Office, the Army, and the Admiralty have had the animals working for them for years.

Post Office mousers have the job of shoofing curious rodents away from mail sacks while Army and Admiralty fourpawed workers are assigned to the task of keeping troop camps and navy docks free of rats. Office cats, working in various government bureaus, are

One night on the balcony Juliet caught cold



So she tried a pack of KOOLS

(And they felt so soothing)

Romeo said, "If thee liked 'em so much..."



(When thy throat was raw)



Why don't thou smoke 'em all the time?"

(So she did)

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

-for good!



Old Tabbies Too Slow to Catch Their Quota of Rats and Mice Are Passed Up for Younger and More Lively Felines.

paid to keep mice out of the files.

A few years ago when the officials and clerks of London's Public Record Office got together at a dinner to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the founding of the department where more than 30,000,000 documents are kept, two sleek tabbies—bona fide members of the office staff—were among the special guests of honor.

The two mouse-detectors had been invited as a tribute to the important work they did in patrolling the Record Office at night.

Because of the excellent job the nation's felines have been doing in all branches of the government, the Ministry of Food, which supervises the country's rationing, recently okayed a plan for allotting powdered milk to the patriotic pussies.



There's longer-lasting LOVELINESS in BRASSIERES by MAIDEN FORM

You'll become doubly appreciative of these supreme brassieres—once you wear the style Maiden Form created especially for them. They give the correct support, the complete comfort. Later you'll find they contain a special feature which makes them really become a constant wear and instant laundering. Dealers receive Maiden Form shipments regularly, so keep trying—they don't find your style the first time! Send for free Catalogue and Style Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York 16, New York.

"THERE IS A MAIDEN FORM FOR EVERY TYPE OF FIGURE!"

MOTHER! Build up your child!

For A Penny A Day!

Does your child tire quickly? Catch cold easily? Suffer poor appetite? See it just one Kent Vitamin capsule daily won't help build him up, help renew energy and bring back eager appetite. Cost only if a day! Each capsule supplies minimum daily requirement of A, B₁, D. If grocer can't supply, mail coupon.

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Each capsule contains 4000 U.S.U. units VITAMIN A 3333 U.S.U. units VITAMIN B₁ 400 U.S.U. units VITAMIN D



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Please send me prepaid one 50-cent bottle of Kent Vitamins A, B₁, D. I enclose 50¢.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

Many good, cool, regularly and profitably read The Housewife's 2nd Almanac in this magazine.

Extra-Delicious because they're the real NEW ENGLAND BAKED BEANS

There's no substitute for the hearty, good, old-fashioned flavor of these genuine "Baked-in-New England" B & M Brick-Oven Baked Beans. Again your Grocer has them. Should be out temporarily, bake your beans at home the true New England way, as B & M bakes them, all day long to tender, tasty perfection.

For free baked bean recipe address Burnham & Merrill Co., Portland, Maine, Dept. B-11



*Your future
is worth
looking into*



Picture *yourself* with a backlog of War Bonds to make your dreams come true

There won't be any future for any of us until the war is won. But when it's won, there's a bruised and battered world that will have to start over—soon we hope. The destructive weapons of war will go back into scrap. The vigorous energies of war production will be turned to the building of homes, automobiles, refrigerators, ranges and every other comfort of our interrupted way of living. Gigantic shifts and changes will send their temblors across the bubbling activity of American life. Prosperity will flourish... given a little time... and a little leeway.

And *you'll* be in the midst of it. *You*

and *your family* and *your home*.

But *first* we've got a war to win—*two* wars in fact! And wishful thinking won't make dreams come true.

The bonds you buy today will help to shorten the war. They also will buy you a better stake in a bigger future. Look into that future now. Think of your kids—talk to the “missus” (she knows what security means). And then buy more and more War Bonds and stow them away. Someday your neighbors will say that *you're* the smart fellow who brought the future a little closer... *your* future... and *theirs*, too.



Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A N H E U S E R • B U C H • • • S A I N T L O U I S

Do Temper Tantrums Cause Rheumatism?



A Study of 450 Patients Indicates That Many a Case of Rheumatism Has Its Beginning in Violent Emotional Outbursts.

thritic pains and disabilities are produced by mental causes.

This is the gist of an important discovery made by Drs. Edward W. Boland and William P. Corr, of the U.S. Army Medical Corps, and reported by them jointly in a recent issue of the "Journal of the American Medical Association."

A study of 450 patients of arthritis, admitted to the Hoff General Hospital, Santa Barbara, California, showed to these physicians that most of the sick men suffered from a kind of rheumatism that originated in emotional troubles.

X-ray and other tests revealed no evidence of germ infection or other damage in the joints.

These patients were not pretending illness. Their pains, aches, disabilities, and other symptoms of arthritis, were real enough. Treatments with vaccines, heat and other methods proved useless.

Before they began to feel any pains in their leg or arm joints and backache, many of these patients had been having nightmares, walking in their sleep, and indulging in temper tantrums. Some of them had attempted suicide. Many of them suffered from worry, pain, stiffness, inability to move, a feeling of weakness and a swelling in the joints of the legs, arms and hands as well as backache were the outstanding signs of mental rheumatism.

It was spasms, twitching and similar nervous reactions and not injury or disease in the muscle fibers, that lay at the bottom of the rheumatic symptoms. Drs. Boland and Corr do not believe that mental causes, like hidden, emotional tensions, can produce damage to the muscles and joints. They consider the disease of "mentally caused rheumatism" a malady by itself.

Just what emotional shock, large or small, acts as the proverbial straw to break the camel's back in these rheumatic attacks cannot be easily diagnosed. The outstanding emotional troubles appear to be as follows:

strange surroundings; worry about his wife, children and other dependents.

One of the factors in such disease is the memory of rheumatism in the patient's own family. As a child he might have seen his father or mother suffering from some form of arthritis.

Under special emotional tension his memory makes him sick the way that his parents had been sick.

Mental troubles are also given as a cause of rheumatism by Professor Edward Weiss and Dr. O. Spurgeon English, noted Philadelphia medical scientists.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS THAT WAR ON WASTE

Peeling vegetables frequently causes stains on the hands which may be removed in the simplest way. Just rub them with a piece of lemon peel before washing the hands. — Miss Arline Fritsch, Cleveland, Ohio.

You can make wool blankets last longer by sewing a cover of muslin over the top end of the blanket. When this end is soiled, you can remove it easily, launder and use again. — Mrs. W. T. Sears, Hutchins, Texas.

TABLE TIP • New linoleum on top of your work table will last much longer than old cloth. It's easy to clean and is not so readily damaged by hot cooking vessels! — Mrs. P. M. Glenn, Elberton, Ga.

As well as my tub, sinks and tiles, I find that Sunbrite on a damp cloth will brighten metal buttons and buckles on clothes. I give them a final rub with a dry cloth or tissue. — Mrs. Edna T. Davis, Chenequa Forks, New York.



Susan S. says: "Hitch your star to Uncle Sam's Bond Wagon and watch Victory come in on the beam!" SUGGESTED BY MRS. MARY T. BILLINGS, SAN FRANCISCO, WRITES ON A SUNBRITE LABEL, ONE WINO \$1.

Articles such as appear in The American Weekly have stimulated even the minds of great scientists.

YOU DON'T Cream shortening

- Developed by Betty Crocker!
- Cuts mixing time to only 4 minutes!
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You don't beat eggs!
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- In one package you get the Cake Flour and 6 New Softasilk Speed Method recipes that spell new magic for you in cake-making!



Try amazing New Softasilk Speed Method in Golden Layer Cake

Set out all ingredients well ahead to get to room temperature. (Shortening should be soft, not melted.) Pre-heat oven to 350°. Prepare pans (see below). Sift Softasilk before measuring. Measure all ingredients before starting to mix.

- Sift together into bowl... 2 1/2 cups sifted Softasilk (the flour guaranteed to work in this recipe) 13 or 3 1/4 or 4 tsp. baking powder 1 tsp. salt 1 1/2 cups sugar
- Add... 1/2 cup high grade vegetable shortening (part butter adds flavor) and 1/2 of 1 cup milk
- Mix with electric mixer on slow to medium speed (or beat with spoon) for 2 min. by clock. Scrape bowl frequently. (remaining 1/2 of the milk)
- Add... 1 tsp. flavoring 2 large eggs, unbeaten
- Continue mixing 2 more min. (scraping bowl frequently). Batter is thin. Pour into 2 well greased and floured 9-in. round layer cake pans. Bake about 30 min. in moderate oven (350°).
- 13 tsp. for double-recipe type ("Clabber Girl," "Davis," "Calumet," "K.C." etc.) 3/4 tsp. for phosphate type ("Armstrong," "Dr. Price's," etc.) 4 tsp. for tartare type ("Royal," etc.).

* FULL COST OF CAKE REFUNDED

Full cost of all ingredients in cake refunded if this New Softasilk Speed Method and Softasilk Cake Flour do not give you better results than any other flour and any other recipes. General Mills, Inc.



NOTE: You may rest a moment when mixing by hand. Just count actual mixing time.

TEMPEST tantrums, frequently, pave the way for rheumatism. Similarly, sleep-walking, seeing nightmares and other well known signs of emotional instability set the stage for a special kind of rheumatism, "psychogenic rheumatism," in which are



NUACE COSTS NO MORE THAN INTERIOR IMITATIONS. Only 10¢ in Black, White, Gray, Green, Red, Sepia, Ivory, Pink, Blue, Victory, Gold & Silver, at 1/2 a 10¢ store Drug, Camera & Department stores.

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● TRY THE OLD RELIABLE FOR GRAND RELIEF
Get Sayman Liniment and massage on sore spots to work FAST! Helps to loosen "tight" muscles, ease pain, reduce nervousness. You'll say it's nothing better for muscular aches, pains, stiffness and nervousness due to fatigue or over-exertion. Only 50¢ at any drug counter.

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Made by the Makers of SAYMAN SALVE
UGLY SKIN
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The unsightly itching misery of man: pimples, black heads, rashes, externally caused, and eczema, relieved on contact by Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment. The first time used. Then simply use as needed. White nature heals. Millions have used Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment. It is best tried and tested. Just on the genuine Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment. 25¢ at drug counters or use postpaid from E. T. Brown Drug Co., 129 Water Street, New York City. (No complete comparison. Beware of Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Soap—actively medicated—25¢)

Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS OINTMENT



I'm so glad
I remembered the doctor said
get Phillips'



Effective...yet gentle enough for the most delicate system

Mothers know best how careful you must be with any remedy a child takes internally. And for over 60 years, mothers have known what a comfort it is to rely on Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. They know it for a mild, gentle, thoroughly dependable product that brings kids up right—and takes care of them when they're grown-up too.

Phillips' gentleness is just as important to adults—it's a scientific remedy that makes you feel better without any sudden, harsh effects. You will feel like a frisky kid, because Phillips' works to accomplish its overnight wonders.

First—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia has always been rated one of the most effective alkalizers for

uncomfortable excess stomach acidity. It alkalizes almost instantly...sweetens acid sourness that causes stomach distress...heartburn...gas...and restless nights.

Second—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is recommended as a mild laxative—so gentle that at any thought of embarrassing urgency, you can take it any time. And take a little friendly advice. Caution—use only as directed. You'll wake up feeling alive with glorious freshness!

• NOTE: For economy and convenience, get Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in the large size. You get 50% more for your money—12 full ounces—for only 50c. Of course, you can also buy Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets to keep handy in your purse, only 25c.

PHILLIPS'

MILK OF MAGNESIA...*Liquid or Tablets*





★ Glorify wartime meals by making gravy with Kitchen Bouquet. Gives it a rich-brown color and luscious taste! Insist on Kitchen Bouquet—favorite for over 70 years.

KITCHEN BOUQUET



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DEFENDS AGAINST *Scurvy*

Choose PASTE or POWDER
Iodent No. 1 for teeth easy to brush and No. 2 for teeth hard to brush are made by a Dentist. Choose the texture to suit your teeth and watch those smudges vanish.



Help Tots Grow Up Husky!

Give good-tasting tonic many doctors recommend

Valuable Scott's Emulsion helps children promote proper growth—strong bones, sound teeth! Contains natural A and D Vitamins—elements all children need. So Mother—give Scott's daily the year 'round. Buy at our nearest druggist today!



Housewife's Food Almanack

\$250 "LOW POINT DINNER" AWARD WON BY ARMY SERGEANT

TECHNICAL Sergeant Thomas Benadum, former Toledo, Ohio, baker and restaurant cook and now senior instructor of Camp Grant's noted U. S. Quarter-Master School for Bakers and Cooks, Rockford, Ill., won the first prize of \$250 War Bonds in the search for best "Low Point Dinner."

In the opinion of the judges, this dinner, the recipe for which appears in the adjoining column, fulfills all the rules of the search and shows a great deal of ingenuity. The only rationed items on the menu are butter for the rolls and sugar for the coffee.

Menu

Jellied or Hot Consomme
Chicken Meredith
Diced Carrots
Tossed Salad
Gelatin Fruit Cup
Hard Rolls—Coffee

Chicken Meredith, the main course in the sergeant's dinner, might best be compared to Chicken Tetrazzini. Milk curd or sour cream is substituted for cheese in his recipe, however, and it also supplies the needed tang in the absence of sherry wine.

"Color is well balanced in the variety of vegetables and fruits," he points out, "this dinner contains all the requirements of a balanced



WINS \$100 BOND

FRANCES T. PEARMAN, London, Ont., who wins \$100 in War Bonds for her "Low Point Dinner" featuring Oxtail and Kidney Stew, gives the following directions for making her prize-winning meal.

Hors d'Oeuvres

Remove centers from four hard-boiled eggs which have been cut in two lengthwise and mash the yolks with a spoonful of sweet chopped relish and anchovy paste to suit the taste. Stuff whites with mixture. Arrange these in the center of a large dish. Surround with slices of tomato and cool beet, top each tomato with a little "hat" of crystallized ginger, and on each piece of beet place an olive.

Oxtail and Kidney Stew

Cut in chunks about 1/4 of an inch square, one jointed oxtail and one pound of beef kidney. Add 4 large onions, cut, 4 large chopped carrots, 1 stalk chopped celery and one diced turnip. Grated rind of two oranges. Put four bay leaves and 1 heaping teaspoonful of mixed spices in a muslin bag and tie securely. Put all the ingredients into a large stew pan with enough water to cover everything well and add 1 teaspoonful salt and 1/2 teaspoon of pepper. Bring to a boil and then lower heat to let stew simmer very, very slowly for four hours. May be eaten hot, or poured into molds and eaten cold.

Creamed Potatoes

Cook six medium sized potatoes in their jackets and skin. Add pepper and salt and enough milk to make smooth and creamy.



"Well Done, Sergeant!" T/Sgt. Thomas Benadum (right) Senior Instructor, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., Cook and Bakers School, Receives \$250 in War Bonds and Certificate of Culinary Merit from Brig. Gen. James E. Baylis, Commanding Officer, Camp Grant, as Lieut. Col. Frank J. Streibig, Jr., MAC, Food Service Supervisor Looks On.

diet and is rich in nutritive value."

Benadum's present work as senior instructor is mainly administrative. He coordinates schedules, sees that instruction is carried on properly and acts as liaison man between Lt. Col. Frank J. Streibig, commandant of the school and civilian personnel. The sergeant is 36, a native of Toledo, married.

Consomme

PREPARE hot consomme as usual or serve jellied consomme from skimmed and strained chicken stock derived from chicken used in the main course. Whip before serving, based and

topped with grated hard-boiled eggs in consomme cup or a low sherbet glass. Use unflavored gelatin.

Chicken Meredith

One four- or four-and-a-half-pound stewing hen—fat. One pound spaghetti, 1 pound fresh mushrooms, 1/2 pint sour cream, 2 green peppers (may be omitted) and 2 cups cracker crumbs. Simmer chicken until well done in enough water to cover to which the trimmings from the vegetables for the tossed salad plus one medium sized onion and salt have been added. Strain and cool and skim the stock. Strip chicken and dice. Boil spaghetti.

Among the Thousands of "Low Point Dinner" Recipes Submitted, Chicken in Many Varieties Was the Most Popular Suggestion for Saving Precious "Brown Points" for Beef, Pork, Lamb,



Frances T. Pearman Won Second Prize With an Oxtail and Kidney Stew Dinner.



Julia Reese Beckman Scored Third With Her Delicious Baked Fish Dinner.

OTHER WINNERS

JULIA REESE BECKMAN, Atlanta, Ga., winner of \$80 in War Bonds for placing third in the "Low Point Dinner" search, offers as a main course in excellent Baked Fish with Spanish Sauce recipe. The complete menu she evolved:

Cream of Potato Soup
Baked Fish with Spanish Sauce
Curried Carrots
Cabbage-Raisin Salad
Spiced Rice Pudding
Coffee

MORE AWARDS

Fourth was Mrs. Myrtle Cogshall, Roscoe, Calif., with a main dish of Victory Sauages. Angela Kimball Bar-

Saute mushrooms lightly in a little chicken fat. Drain well and saute the peppers. Season to taste. Combine spaghetti, chicken, peppers, mushrooms and sour cream. Over this, pour enough cream sauce prepared from chicken fat and stock to cover. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs. Flat baking or roasting pan is best for this. Brown in oven. Serve six. (Note: If mushrooms are not available, for a pleasant surprise, substitute three apples diced to one-half inch. Add uncooked.)

Tossed Salad

One stalk celery, 2 green peppers, 3 tomatoes, 1 small grated onion, 1 medium head lettuce, 10 radishes (thinly sliced), 1 cucumber. Prepare salad ingredients as usual, season to taste and add French dressing just before serving.

Buttered Carrots

Use fresh carrots, dice and simmer until tender in salt water to which a small quantity of meat drippings has been added.

Gelatin Fruit Cup

Use any good commercial gelatin with any desired fresh fruit combination.



lett, Washington, D. C., was fifth with Roast Chicken and Nut Stuffing. Sixth was Alice Chambers, Seattle, Wash., with Curried Tripe and Brown Rice. Marion B. Rusk, Mansfield, O., was seventh with a novel Egg Chop dish. The fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh prize winners each was awarded a \$25 War Bond.

The quest for the best "Low Point Dinners" which was conducted during the month of November, 1943, resulted in thousands of helpful recipes submitted by readers all over the United States and proved conclusively that a housewife had a wide choice of non-rationed ingredients which, when combined with rationed sugar, butter or margarine shortening could be utilized in many varieties of tasty, nourishing and wholly satisfactory meals.

The variety of "Low Point Dinners" is shown in the list of prize winners.

The Housewife's Food Almanack wishes to thank the many thousands of patriotic American women for their entries in the "Low Point Dinner Search." We should also like to extend our sincere appreciation to the judges who helped to choose the winning menus.

They included: Dr. Jeanette B. McCay, Mrs. John W. Breker, Mrs. Dwight Griswold, Mrs. Anna Rosevear Boettiger, Mr. Gabriel Heatter, Dr. E. Neize Todhunter, Miss Kate Smith, Mrs. Colgate W. Darden, Jr., Mrs. Earl Warren, Mrs. Phillip L. Crowl, Mrs. Dwight Green.

These judges volunteered their services in selecting from the many thousands of recipes submitted those which conformed with all rules of the quest and showed initiative and ingenuity in preparing a complete "Low Point Dinner."

\$10 for Your Prize Winning Recipe

If your original recipe is accepted and published here you will receive \$10 in War Savings Stamps or cash. Send in that recipe now. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK
Box 191, Grand Central Annex,
New York City





NO, WE'RE NOT DOWN TO THIS

BUT, ALL OUR GREAT TUNA CLIPPERS ARE IN THE NAVY! SO WE'VE HAD TO GO BACK TO "OLD-TIME" SMALL-BOAT FISHING!

Our tuna clippers used to cruise thousands of miles in search of tuna; our smaller boats can only

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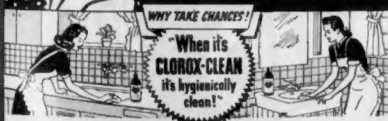


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WHITE STAR TUNA Chicken of the Sea TUNA

Answer AMERICA'S CALL TO HEALTH!

Reduce Home Infection Dangers with **CLOROX**!



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CLOROX
FREE FROM CAUSTIC

Disinfects
DEODORIZES / BLEACHES
REMOVES STAINS



The true life stories, the scientific, philosophic, and historical articles in The American Weekly magazine thrill more than 22,500,000 readers every week.

"Point Savers" from the Sea

By **MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK**
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

IN considering hearty meals for cold weather, with one eye on the ration book and the other on the kitchen clock, the homemaker should remember that salted and dried fish help trim her food budget and also save her cooking labor, at the same time helping her to save precious points for a substantial meat course.

It was no casual choice which made the six-foot "sacred cod" the emblem of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts where for some 240 years it has hung in Boston State House. New England knote the thrift and nutritive value of its cod and its haddock, its mackerel and herring, too) as well as that of its Saturday baked beans. Each year as Winter came on, the Pilgrim mothers put away rich stores of cod, preserved with salt. Codfish balls were traditional for Sunday breakfast; scalloped and creamed codfish dishes were weekly Winter staples; cod cheeks and tongues, salted, were a specialty of the most famous hotels.

Not every section has the same food history, and it is less easy sometimes to learn how to use and like dishes unknown to our childhood. The war is giving a splendid opportunity to familiarize with such sectional or national foods. Every town has some shops where salted fish, dried fish, or unusual fish specialties can be bought to trim the budget, but not the pocket-book.

Dried fish such as cod, mackerel, haddock, hake, and finnan haddies should be soaked for from 1/2 to 12 hours in cold water before cooking to remove the excess salt. The fish should be soaked, flesh side down, so that the salt can settle to the bottom of the pan; change water several times if fish is very salty.

Smoked Fish, Too
Smoked fish may be eaten at once, without further cooking, if sliced wafer thin, and used as an appetizer; thus smoked salmon, or smoked sturgeon, when obtainable, may be eaten exactly as bought from the shop; just now, smoked salmon from Newfoundland is seen more abundantly on the market, and makes a delicious tidbit when heated for breakfast, to replace eggs or other substantial protein.

Versatile Finnan Haddie
Finnan haddie (smoked haddock) is familiar to many. Buy it whole and split open, and tear off portions as you require them; or purchase smaller fillets offered without the skin. To prepare most simply, place skin side down in shallow dish, and add milk to partially cover fish. Dot with butter or margarine and dust with pepper. Place dish under broiling flame, and broil 20 minutes, basting with milk and a sprinkle of minced



parsley. Allow 1/2 pound of fish per portion. Or do the trick on the top of the range using any skillet, and keeping the cover on, with heat at simmering point.

Finnan haddock, also, is the basis for one of the most unusual soups, called "smoky chowder." Prepare as any chowder, using bacon dice or pork cracklings, with rich milk laced with onions. Cut fish into small squares, crumble soda crackers on top just before serving. A whole dinner in a tureen!

Timely Menus

MONDAY
Breakfast
Carrot Juice,
Cereal,
Thin Ham,
Milk or Coffee.
Luncheon
Hash,
Cabbage,
Corn Bread,
Fruit Trifle.
Dinner
Cranberry
Cocktail,
Roast Pork,
Gravy,
Baked
Potatoes,
Spinach
Salad,
Apple Pie.

WEDNESDAY
Breakfast
Oranges,
Cereal,
Omelet,
Muffins,
Milk or Coffee.
Luncheon
Pig Tails and
Lima Beans,
Green Salad,
Ice Box Rolls,
Cider.
Dinner
Roasted
Veal Roast,
Pan
Baked Potatoes,
Sour Beets,
Carrot Salad,
Coffee.

FRIDAY
Breakfast
Tomato Juice,
Cereal,
French Toast,
Milk or Coffee.
Luncheon
Cheese
Souffle,
Green Salad,
Crisp Rye
Crackers,
Coffee.
Dinner
Fish Chowder,
Corn Sticks,
Shredded
Cabbage Salad,
Apple Pie,
Coffee.

SUNDAY
Breakfast
Orange Juice,
Cereal,
Pancakes,
Syrup,
Milk or Coffee.
Dinner
Roast
Chicken,
Cranberry
Sauce,

TUESDAY
Breakfast
Grapefruit,
Cereal,
Marmalade,
Coffee.
Luncheon
Tomato Juice,
Soya Leaf,
String Bean
Salad,
Potato Rolls.
Dinner
Pan Broiled
Meat Patties,
Parsley,
Potatoes,
Green Peas,
Celery,
Peach Tapioca,
Coffee.

THURSDAY
Breakfast
Apple Juice,
Cereal,
Bacon,
Toast,
Milk or Coffee.
Luncheon
Spaghetti,
Coke Slaw,
Fruit
Rolls.
Dinner
Lamb
Chops,
Potatoes,
Raw
Cauliflower
Salad,
Peach Tart,
Coffee.

SATURDAY
Breakfast
Oranges,
Cereal,
Bacon,
Muffins,
Coffee.
Luncheon
Baked Beans,
Apple and
Carrot Salad,
Cheese Rolls,
Tea.
Dinner
Irish Stew
with
Dumplings,
Celery
Green Salad,
Lemon Pie.

Penny Singleton

Star of "Blondie" program heard each Monday night over CBS on 7:30 p.m. EDT and 7:30 p.m. EDT



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If you want the kind of wave that suggests you having been born with it... so natural... so soft... so lasting, then go to your nearest Fredericks Franchise Salon and have a Fredericks Tru-Curl Permanent.

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FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

The New Crop of Goofy War Gadgets

RECENTLY an inventor walked into the Pentagon Building in Washington and asked to see General George Marshall, explaining that he had a "dinger"

buster" of an idea for quickly ending the war.

His invention, he said, was so important that he couldn't disclose the details to anybody but the Chief of Staff.

Politely piloted into the office of a lieutenant, the embryo Edison, after a bit of coaxing, was persuaded to explain his contrivance. Straight-faced, he outlined a plan for spreading gigantic sheets of "flypaper" over battlefields in order to trap unsuspecting Nazis and Japs.

Goofy idea? No doubt. But Uncle Sam listens to them all. During the past year, America's part-time geniuses submitted thousands of fancy inventions to the War Department. Some, like the one above, were absolutely zany. Others had a usable idea behind them. A few were snapped up and immediately put to work knocking the daylight out of our enemies.

Because Uncle Sam never knows when a rattling good idea is going to pop up—one that may even change the course of the war—he lends a friendly ear to every suggestion that comes from his well-meaning inventive nephews and nieces all over the country.

Some of the goofier ideas submitted to the Army Ordnance Department in the last year included solid steel barrage balloons (so they couldn't be shot down), "jack-in-the-box" parachutes (for jumping up instead of down), a super-torpedo scooper (a gadget for catching and turning torpedoes around), and a huge steel canopy for all cities (to be held up by electric waves and designed to prevent bombings). Need less to say, none was used.



American Weekly Patterns

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in the WARNER BROS. PICTURE
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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 35

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